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STEINWAY & SONS'

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT

PIANO FORTES

are now acknowledged the best instruments in America as well as in Europe, having taken Thirty-five first premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, at the principal fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, for

Powerful, Clear, Brilliant, and Sympathetic Tone,

with excellence of workmanship, as shown in grand and square PIANOS.

There were 200 Pianos, from all parts of the world, entered for competition, and the special correspondent of *The Times* says:

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"This greatest triumph of American Pianofortes in England has caused a sensation in musical circles throughout the continent, and as a result, the Messrs. STEINWAY are in constant receipt of orders from Europe, thus inaugurating a new phase in the history of American Pianofortes, by creating in them an article of export."

Every Steinway Pianoforte is Warranted for Five Years.

Among the many and most valuable improvements introduced by Messrs. Steinway & Sons in their Pianofortes,

THE SPECIAL ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS

is directed to their

PATENT AGRAFFE ARRANGEMENT.

(For which letters patent were granted to them Nov. 20, 1859.)

The value and importance of this invention having been practically tested, since that time by Steinway & Sons, in all their Grands and highest-priced Square Pianofortes, and admitted to be the greatest improvement of modern times, they now announce that hereafter their "Patent Agraffe Arrangement" will be introduced in every Pianoforte manufactured by them, without increase of cost to the purchaser, in order that all their patrons may reap the full advantage of this great improvement.

Testimonial of the most distinguished Artists to STEINWAY & SONS:

The Pianofortes, Grand, Square, and Upright, manufactured by Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS, have established for themselves so world-wide a reputation that it is hardly possible for us to add anything to their just fame.

Having thoroughly tested and tried these instruments personally for years, both in public and private, it becomes our pleasant duty to express our candid opinion regarding their unquestioned superiority over any other Piano known to us.

Among the chief points of the uniform excellence of the STEINWAY Pianos are:

Greatest possible depth, richness, and volume of tone, combined with a rare brilliancy, clearness, and perfect evenness throughout the entire scale, and, above all, a surprising duration of sound, the pure and sympathetic quality of which never changes under the most delicate or powerful touch.

This peculiarity is found exclusively in the STEINWAY Piano, and together with the matchless precision, elasticity, and promptness of action always characterizing these instruments, as well as their unequaled durability under the severest trials, is truly surprising, and claims at once the admiration of every artist. We therefore consider the STEINWAY Pianos in all respects *the best Instruments made in this country or in Europe, use them solely and exclusively ourselves in public or private, and recommend them invariably to our friends and the Public.*

We have at different times expressed our opinion regarding the the Pianos of various makers, but *freely and unhesitatingly pronounce Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS' Pianos superior to them all.*

S. B. MILLS,	WM. MASON,	A. H. PEASE,
ROBERT GOLDBECK,	ROBERT HELLER,	THEO. EISFELD,
HENRY C. TIMM,	WM. BERGE,	C. EHRGMANN,
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THEO. MOHLING,	CHAS. WELS,	F. VON BREUNIG.

Letter from the Artists of the Italian and German Opera, and other Celebrated Vocalists.

NEW YORK, December, 1864.

MESSRS. STEINWAY & SONS—Gentlemen:—Having used your Pianos for some time in public and in private, we desire to express our unqualified admiration in regard to their merits.

We find in them excellencies which no other Pianos known to us possess to the same perfection. They are characterized by a sonority, harmonious roundness and richness of tone, combined with an astonishing prolongation of sound, most beautifully blending with and supporting the voice, to a degree that leaves nothing to be desired. Indeed, we have never met with any instruments, not even of the most celebrated manufactories of Europe, which have given us such entire satisfaction, especially as regards their unequalled qualities for accompanying the voice, and keeping in tune so long a time, as your Pianos; and we therefore cheerfully recommend them above all others to students of Vocal music and to the public generally.

MAX MARETZEK,	CARL BERGMANN,	CARL ANSCHUTZ,
B. MASSCHELIANI,	ELENA D'ANGRI,	KARL FORMES,
FERD. BELLINI,	PEDRO DE ABELLA,	THEO. HABELMANN,
W. LOTTI,	E. MILLET,	FRANZ HERMES,
JOS. WIENLICH,	F. MASSOLENI,	JOS. HERMANNS,
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CARLOTTA C. ESCOBI,	IGNON LEHMAN,	MARIE FREDERICI,
MRS. J. VAN ZANDT,	M. STRNISCHA,	PAULINE CANISSA.

Letter from the Eminent Musician and Celebrated Composer of "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," FRANZ ABT.

BRUNSWICK (Germany) September 10, 1860.

MESSRS. STEINWAY & SONS—Gentlemen:—A short time ago I had occasion of meeting with, and trying one of your Patent Overstrung Grand Concert Pianos, which had been brought here by Mr. Hohnstock, of Philadelphia, and I cannot refrain from expressing to you my undisguised admiration. There are no other instruments known to me which could excel yours; with respect to fullness of tone, I have never met with their equal. Such power of the bass, and roundness of the middle tones, such softness and clearness of the upper notes, and withal such complete uniformity of the various octaves, I have, so far, never met in any instrument, not even in any of the most celebrated manufactories of Europe. The elasticity of touch is most surprising, and it may be taken as a sure evidence of the retentiveness of tune, that in spite of the distant transportation from Philadelphia to this place, there was not one string out of tune. I am satisfied that these instruments will soon take the lead of all other makes, and I wish from my heart that you may continue to labor for the benefit of Art, for many years.

Very respectfully yours, FRANZ ABT.

BROOKLYN, JANUARY, 26, 1861.

MESSRS. STEINWAY—I regard him as a benefactor who builds a good Piano, and I am your beneficiary on that account. Having had one of your instruments for several years, I can bear witness to its admirable qualities in every respect. I am more than satisfied, and if I had to buy another, I should certainly go to your rooms again. It is a pleasure to praise your work.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

From "A Discourse on Pianos," by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. N. Y. INDEPENDENT, Dec. 7, 1865.

Upon a lucky day, a Steinway Piano stood in our parlor. For power, fulness, richness, and evenness of tone, it was admirable: nor do we believe we could better in our choice. In our summer home it stands yet, a musical angel: and our wish is that the day may come when every working man in America may have a good STEINWAY PIANO."

WAREROOMS, No. 71 and 73 EAST FOURTEENTH Street between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.

(*From London "Punch."*)

MRS. BROWN ON GAS EXPLOSIONS.

Drat the gas and them as invented it, says I, for never was there such stuff to blow up in this world as ever I see; but whatever can you expect if you only watches a gassy coal atween the bars how it will bust out, and as to livin' near gasometers, I'd as soon live near powder-mills, as did used to be near Hounslow, and went off with their own accord, and broke every window in Blackheath, though however it got across the water I can't think, and was heard by the lady as my own aunt was a-livin' with though deaf and dumb and bedridden, as jumped out of bed sudden in the fright, and was found heels uppermost in the coal-scuttle on the landin'. So as the sayin' is, you never can tell what you can do till you tries, for if you'd have laid her down ten thousand pounds that woman never could have put her foot to the ground in the nat'ral way. But as I was a-sayin', gas is all very well in its place; but if I had my way never in my settin'-room, as it makes that close and stifly as you can't draw your breath through in comfort, and was the death of both my birds, as died a-pantin' like over-blown Christians, and I've always been in fears of through knowin' what happened at "The White Horse," Chelmsford, where the drunken potboy blowed out the gas in goin' to bed, a-fancyin' it was a candle, and was the death of the landlady a-comin' in unawares with a light, and hisself a cinder, as the sayin' is.

My constant words to Brown was, "Whatever you do turn it off safe at night;" and he says, "All right."

"Well," I says, "Brown, do think what it would be if you was to leave a tap turned unbeknown through a-hotchin' your sleeve, and all the gas out of that large gasometer in the Lambeth road was to work its way into our house." He says, "You'd be picked up somewhere about Wimbledon Common."

I says, "How you can lie like that in your own bed and say such awful things puzzles me, as might bring a judgment on you."

Well, the next day as ever were Mrs. Treadfoot, as were Jane Collins, and married to a upholsterer's foreman, come to see me, and brought the infant, as is sixteen weeks, but not gettin' on as I could wish to see it. So I says to her, "Whatever food do you give it?" "Well," she says, "anythin' as we're a-takin' ourselves. He's fond of suckin' a bit of bread and butter, and I've give him a little broth and bread."

"Now," I says, "Jane Treadfoot, does it stand to reason as a infant's stomach is not to be trifled with like that, as is apt for to disagree with them as is grown-up adults, for broth is a thing as I don't hold with unless a heavy cold with extra meat in, and I'd be bound not left to be cold for to take the fat off, as no infant couldn't thrive on." So she says, "What is best?"

So I says, "Baked flour is what some can bear and some cannot, but," I says, "in a reg'lar way give me tops and bottoms boiled down and beat with a fork through a sieve till smooth as jelly, and a few carryway seeds boiled with it. Some gives milk as I don't hold with, through bein' that heavy, as might be nat'rally expected when you come to consider as a infant ain't a calf as walks on four legs and requires more supports."

When we'd had tea I says to her, "Now as that infant is dropped off," as had been a-frettin' and a-dribblin' frightful all the time, "lay him down in a clothes-basket, as I'll make up comfortable for him with two large pillows," for I didn't care about him on my bed, ashe might have rolled off on and done hisself a injury, and so she did.

Well, we was settin, a-talkin' very friendly, expectin' both Brown and Treadfoot for to come in. 'Liza Crellin was there, as is a gal with no nonsense about her, and works hard for to help clothe herself, not as she can make much by tattin', though I must say her work is lovely, not as ever I fancied that crooby worsted jacket as she made for me, as would always take me tight across the chest and under the armholes that small as it were painful; but then it certainly was warm and showed the figger.

Well, she was a-settin' there a-showing Jane Treadfoot a stitch in worsted works, when all of a sudden I says, "There's a dreadful smell of gas." So I goes to the top of the kitchen-stairs and says, "Susan, is that you as is a-lettin' the gas escape all over the place like that?"

Well, she didn't make no answer, so down I goes, a-knowin' as she's got a young man as she will talk to through the airey steps, as there ain't no gate to, but only three down to the kitchen door. When I got down I found as all were dark, and though not afraid of them black beetles, don't hold with treadin' on 'em in the dark, as I slipped on one and very nigh put my elbow out Christmas night two years. So knowin where Brown keeps a box of lucifers close to the back door, I goes up slow to get 'em, and down I goes agin, and was pretty nigh stifled with the gas in that back kitchen.

I draws a lucifer along the top of the box, I see the blaze, I heard a bang, and then remembers nothin' more till I come to and saw some strange faces round me as was gettin me out through bein' wedged that tight into the coal-hole under the stairs as wiolence was necessary. The kitchen winder blowed out smack and everythin' in the place a smash.

I says, "Whatever is it?" Says one party, as proved to be from next door, and had come in with the police, "You've had a narrow escape."

"Well," I says, "a fire-escape is what I wanted; but what has 'ppened?" "Why," says they, "your gas has been and exploded, and nearly tore the house up by the roots."

I hadn't got my senses right when I hears piercin' shrieks up-stairs. I says, "Is the 'ouse in conflagrations?" They says, as they pulled me out with a jerk, little thinkin' how awful bruised I turned out to be afterwards, "No, it's all right."

Then says I, "Jane Treadfoot is took bad." So I hurries up, though scarified dreadful myself, and there she was in sterrics on the rug a-sayin', "He's gone!" "Blowed into hair!" and all that.

So I says, "Jane," a upstairs think, as will often bring 'em to, "Jane," I says, "what is up with you?" "Oh!" she says, "my own, my precious babby, to be blowed to atoms like this!"

I says, "Rubbish! Why, he's in my large clothes-basket in the back bedroom." She screams, "He's gone, I tell you, clean gone?"

Well, it give me such a turn; so I gets a light and up I goes, and there, sure enough, was the clothes-basket as empty as ever it was born.

I says, "Policeman, this is singler." "I believe you," says he.

"What do you think?" says I. "Chimbly," says he; "the draught have sucked that infant into the flue."

"Go along with you," says I. "Well," he says, "you'll see."

So I looked up the chimbly, but I didn't see, for there wasn't a vestment of no infant to be seen.

"Where can that Susan be?" says I, "as is the cause of it all," through a-leavin' of the gas turned on, a-sayin' as she was obliged for to stop out for some firewood, as she burns up as if it was forests, though only seven bundles for sixpence.

It's lucky as Brown come in just then, for I don't know what I should have done. He pretty soon see as there wasn't no harm done beyond the kitchen, as it's lucky as I would have the dresser put in the front or I should not have a plate to eat off, not if it was to save my life.

All this time poor Jane Treadfoot was half faintin' and I really was quite concerned to think what had become of that infant, when if that Susan didn't come in with it in her arms, as had been up-stairs when she heard the bang, and caught the child up and run over to Mrs. Crellins with it, a-sayin' we was preys to a devourin' elephant, and give Mrs. Crellins that turn as she come over herself, though far from well.

Of course it was very good of the gal to think about savin' the child, but she might as well have stopped a minute just to see if we was blowed away or not.

The babby he was all right, and so was his mother when she see him, and by the time as Treadfoot come she was able to tell him about it with a smile, though she wouldn't part with the child no more, but had her supper with him across her knees, as isn't my ideas of comfort.

And though that gal wouldn't own to it, of course she'd been and done it through a turnin' the gas off before goin' out, and no doubt her shawl ketched the tap and turned it on again unawares, as is my constant fears. Then she goes up to the babby, as she found restless, and so was kep' a-nussin' him till the blow-up come.

If you could see our back kitchen you'd say it was a blow-up, reg'larly scarified, as the sayin' is, and what it must be when a whole gasometer goes off I can't think. No wonder it causes lots of widders and orphins, as it's a mercy my house wasn't full of, and for my part I'd go back to sixpenny dips, only Brown says he "ain't a-goin' to retrograde for nobody."

I don't know what he means; but if he'd been blowed backwards into the coal-hole as I was, he wouldn't use none of his fine words I know; and I'm sure it was opidildoc as brought me through it rubbed in earnest, as I didn't feel till the next mornin' when turn in bed I couldn't, and might have been a cripple to my dyin' day.

(*From St. James Magazine.*)

A GHOST ADVENTURE IN CANADA.

It was late in the autumn, or rather early in the Canadian winter, that our regiment marched into the city of M——, to relieve the 142nd Highlanders, ordered in their turn for Quebec. The 142nd were proverbially a hospitable regiment, and we were therefore not surprised to be met on our arrival, not only by the band of the corps to play us into town, but also by a letter inviting us to dine with them on the night of our arrival, and to consider ourselves as honorary members of their mess during the few days which we should have to spend in garrison together.

Of course their invitation was accepted, and equally of course, when the second mess bugle sounded at half-past seven, a goodly number of the dark-green uniforms of the 100th Rifles were assembled in the mess-room of the Highlanders. It beats me to tell of what a recherché repast we sat down to; of how all of us, from the colonel to the junior ensign, were made to feel ourselves at home at once; or how champagne and claret flowed, and chaff and good humor prevailed through the evening. Hospitality is the soul of the British army, and our case was no exception to the general rule.

I may mention, though, *en parenthèse*, that at the usual time the customary dread procession of orderly corporals entered the room, and that the corporal of my company presented me with the order-book, in which, among other notices, my name was set forth as Garrison Subaltern of the day.

Now the duty of the garrison subaltern is to visit the guards, pickets, and sentries once, and in many cases twice, during the night; and, though I was aware that it was about my turn on the roster for that duty, I cannot deny that the official statement of its having fallen to my lot to turn out from a snug mess-room, and to leave the congenial company of my new messmates, was received by me with a tolerably heart-felt, though not outwardly expressed, grumble. There was, however, a fairish time to elapse before I was forced to set forth on my rounds, and as a more than fairish bottle of claret was on its rounds, I soon forgot my grievances, and was hard at work in a discussion on the merits of "taboguining" over Rotten Row, when a question at the top of the table silenced my argument in favor of the metropolis, and riveted my attention. "Who is your subaltern for duty to-night?" said the major of the 142nd, an old and grizzled Scot, who was seated on the left of our colonel.

"Oh," replied our chief, "a youngster down yonder—that fellow with the light whiskers: his name is H——; not a bad sort of a boy, but thinks a good deal of himself."

"Does he believe," said the major, sinking his voice so that I could hardly catch what he said—"does he believe in ghosts?"

"Ghosts!" cried the colonel, "he'd as soon believe in the d—l, or, you know—I don't mean that—he'd as soon—hang it!—he'd as soon believe in—why—in anything."

"Well," said the matter-of-fact major, "perhaps he would; but believe in anything or nothing, he'll see a ghost to-night if he goes round the sentries on the common."

"Ghost be——oh! I say! none of your chaff! what's the joke! I say! don't have any practical jokes on my youngsters, please. They're a good lot of boys, so don't let your fellows play any nonsensical tricks on them," cried our colonel.

"There is no chaff, humbug, or trick," replied

the major, seriously; "there is a ghost on M—— Common as sure as I sit here. I have seen him myself, and so have lots of our fellows; and if you don't believe me, ask them."

There was no need to appeal: the latter part, at any rate, of the conversation had attracted universal attention, and every member of the 142nd was only too eager to give us his experience of the major's supernatural acquaintance. One had seen him, one had heard him, one had spoken to him; but all agreed that a form of unearthly dimensions, of mysterious movements, and of altogether ghostly appearance, was nightly to be met with on M—— Common.

Amidst the numerous accounts the following description could be elicited:—The ghost was generally to be met with in the middle of the common: he generally rose apparently from the earth; his size was gigantic and his movements gliding and uncertain; his progress was accompanied with a dismal sound of the clanking of chains, and though solemnly adjured, he gave no response to his boldest questioners.

Much discussion ensued on this description, the 142nd supporting the cause of their ghost, and the 160th ridiculing its existence. Meanwhile, my time came for visiting my rounds.

I lit a fresh cigar and started, thinking more of how soon I could get back to a brandy-and-soda and bed, than of the ghost and his history. I visited my sentries and found all correct, and started across the common to return home to quarters. The night was cold and cloudy, and though the moon was nearly full, dark gusts swept across its face, enveloping earth and heaven in a vague, shadowy, almost impenetrable darkness. Returning alone, having left my corporal's party at the last picket, my thoughts *would* revert to the conversation at mess. I was no believer in ghosts, but still I could not shake off what I had heard.

"Hang it!" said I to myself, "I wish those fellows hadn't been so full of their confounded bogies!" Hardly had the words been spoken, or rather thought, when I stopped dead short, and made a start backwards.

Immediately in front of me there rose from the ground an apparition tall—white—speechless, and stood in the dim uncertain light confronting and overshadowing me. A cold shiver ran down my back—my hand sought the hilt of my sword, but it was cold and clammy—I tried to speak, but it was not till after two endeavours that my tongue found utterance.

My challenge was not such as is usually addressed to the spiritual world. "Who art thou?" it should have been; I fear it was, "What the devil's that?" No answer. The apparition moved slowly away from me, and in the silence of the night was heard a dismal clanking of chains. The thought struck me, "It is a practical joke." I drew my sword; "Speak," cried I, "or I cut you down." Still no response! Still that stealthily gliding movement—still that dismal clanking of chains! I was stung up to the pitch of raving—I rushed forward, sword in hand—quicker and quicker grew the movements of the unearthly goblin, but faster and faster I press on in pursuit. Ha! it stops! I challenge again, and there is no answer. I raise my sword to strike—when, lo! the moon shines out, and an old white horse, hobbled with chains on either leg, stands before me.

I drop my sword, I burst into a peal of laughter, and with some little difficulty I drive my captive in the direction of the quarters of the major of the 142nd.

Since then the common of M—— has been singularly free from ghosts, and the major of the 142nd has been heard to express his opinion that Messrs. Hume and Forster were humbugs, and that the witch of En-dor was rather an overrated woman.

H.

(From Dickens' All the Year Round.)

WHAT WAS IT?

Many years ago—not much less, I am concerned to say, than fourscore—it fell, in the line of professional duty, to the lot of my uncle—great-uncle, you understand—then a young officer of engineers, to visit, of all spots in the earth, the Shetland Isles. His journey, as stated in his note-book, from which this remarkable incident is taken, was connected with the intended restoration of Fort Charlotte—a work of Cromwell's day, intended for the protection of the port and town of Lerwick, but which came to considerable sorrow in the succeeding century, when a Dutch frigate, storm-stayed, devoted an autumn evening to knocking it about the ears of the half dozen old gentlemen in infirm health who constituted the garrison.

On the evening that preceded his departure from Chatham, my uncle appears to have given a little supper of adieu, at which were present Captains Clavering and Dumpsey, Messieurs Chips, Bounce, and The Tourist.

Whether the last three gentlemen belonged to the service or not cannot be ascertained. The army lists of that period have been searched in vain for their names, and we are driven to the conjecture that the sportiveness of intimate friendship may have reduced what was originally "Carpenter" to Chips, and supplied the other two gentlemen with titles adapted to their personal merits or peculiarities.

From my relative's memoranda of the over-night's conversation, it would seem to have taken, at times, a warning and apprehensive tone; at other times, to have been jocular, if not reckless. The wet blanket of the party was Dumpsey, whose expressions of condolence could hardly have been more solemn, had my uncle been condemned to suffer at day-break with all the agreeable formalities at that time incident to high treason!

Chips appears to have followed the lead of Captain Dumpsey, and (if we may assign to him certain appalling incidents of the North Seas, to which my uncle has appended, as authority, "Ch.") with considerable effect. Mr. Bounce seems to have propounded more cheerful views, with especial allusion to the exciting sport his friend was likely to enjoy in those remote isles; while The Tourist has, to all appearance, limited himself to the duty of imparting to my uncle such local information as he was able to afford. In fact, so far as can be guessed, the conversation must have proceeded something in this fashion:

"Tell you what, old fellow," Dumpsey may have said, "going up to this place isn't exactly a hop across Cheapside. If there's any little matter of—of property, in which I can be serviceable as administrator, legatee, and so forth—after your—in the event of your remaining permanently within the Arctic circle—now, say so."

"Prut!—Pshaw!" probably said my uncle.

"The kraken fishery has been bad this year, they tell me," said Chips, quietly. "Otherwise, your friend might have secured a specimen or two of the bottle-nosed whale and moored them as breakwaters in the Irish Channel.

"He did nearly as well," returned the unabashed Bounce. "Bill was bobbing one day for coalfish in rather deepish water—a thousand fathoms or so—when there came a tug that all but pulled his boat under. Bill took several turns round a cleat, and, holding on, made signals to his sloop for assistance. Meanwhile, his boat, towed by the thing he had hooked, set off on a little excursion to the Faro Islands; but a fresh breeze springing up, the sloop contrived to overhaul him, and secure the prize. What do you think it was? You'd never guess. A fine young sea-serpent, on his way to the fjords, fresh run, and covered with sea-lice as big as Scholh muttons!"

"I should, I confess, much like to learn, from rational sources," said Captain Clavering, "whether these accounts of mysterious monsters, seen, at long intervals, in the North Seas, have any foundation of truth."

My uncle was disposed to believe they had. It was far from improbable that those wild and unfrequented sea-plains had become the final resort of those mighty specimens of animal life, which it seemed intended by their Creator should gradually disappear altogether. Indifference, the fear of ridicule and disbelief, the want of education, preventing a clear and detailed account—such, no doubt, had been among the causes tending to keep this matter in uncertainty. It was not long since that a portion of sea-serpent, cast upon the Shetland shore, had been sent to London, and submitted to the inspection of a distinguished naturalist, who (the speaker believed) pronounced it a basking shark.

My relative's voyage must have been made under auspicious circumstances, since, notwithstanding a brief detention at Aberdeen, a heavy tossing in the miscalled "roost" of Sumburgh, and a dense fog as they approached Lerwick, the good ship dropped anchor in the last-named port on the tenth day.

There were no inns, there are none *now* in Shetland, and my uncle took lodgings in the house of Mrs. Monilees, than whom, he observes, no woman ever less deserved her name. Living must have been cheap in those days, for Mrs. Monilees boarded, lodged, and washed her guest for eighteen pence a day, and declared she made a handsome profit of him; the only "lee" of which my uncle ever suspected her.

Fort Charlotte was not a work of any remarkable extent, and my uncle's survey and report of all the Dutch had left of her, were very soon completed. His orders being to await an answering communication, which could scarcely be expected to arrive in less than a fortnight, abundant leisure was afforded for making excursions in the neighborhood, and he resolved that the first should be directed to the lovely bay and ruined castle of Scalloway.

It was then the custom—if it is not still—to walk out upon the moorland, catch the first pony you fancied, take him whither you would, and turn him loose when you'd done with him. Arming himself, therefore, with a bridle and pad, my uncle stepped upon the moor, and speedily captured a likely-looking shelty that had an air of pace. The pony seemed perfectly aware what was wanted of him; and, having hastily rubbed noses with a friend—as if requesting him to mention at home that he had been pressed by an obtrusive traveler, but hoped to have done with him, and be back to supper—at once trotted off without guidance towards Scalloway.

The day was fine overhead, but certain misty wreaths—the skirts, as my uncle conjectured, of an adjacent sea-fog—kept sweeping up the valley, crystallising pilgrim and steed with a saltish fluid, and melting away into the blue.

It was on the lifting of one of these gauzy screens, that my uncle found that he had turned an angle in the road, and was within sight of the village of Scalloway, with its dismantled keep, memorial of the oppression of evil Pate Stewart, Earl of Orkney, hanged a century before, but still (as The Tourist would tell us were he here) the Black Beast of Orkney and Shetland.

On a fine clear summer's day the coast scenery of this part is singularly beautiful. From the heights overlooking the picturesque harbor may be traced the blue outline of many of the hundred isles forming the Shetland Archipelago, while countless holms* and islets, green with velvety sward, stud the rippling waters. Far to the westward—nearly twenty miles, I think—heaves up out of the ocean depths the Fugloe, now Foula, Island—Agricola's "Ultima Thule"—whose three-hundred-fathom cliffs the most daring mariner approaches with reluctance.

As my uncle expected, a fair wind was hanging to seaward, and shut out all the nearer holms and headlands. He therefore devoted the forenoon to a visit to the castle, being accompanied in his progress by four young ladies, carrying baskets of woolen work—the produce of island industry—of which, he was sternly informed, it was the custom of every traveler of distinction to purchase about a ton.

The mist had, by this time, cleared considerably. Not a sail of any kind was visible on the calm blue sea, but so many coasting and fishing craft lay at anchor in the roadstead, as to have all the appearance of a wind-bound fleet. Excepting when a small boat moved occasionally between ship and shore, complete inactivity appeared to prevail; and this was the more remarkable, since the herring season was near its close, and my uncle was aware that, on the opposite—the eastern—shore, every hour of propitious weather was being turned to the best account.

Here, however, though there were many sailors and fishermen about the beach and quay—lounging, sleeping, or chatting in groups—there was clearly neither preparation, nor thought of it. What made this state of things still more unaccountable was that the bay, even to my uncle's inexperienced eye, was absolutely alive with shoals of herring and mackerel, clouds of sea-fowl pursuing them and feasting at their will.

The goodwives, if, having their work in their hands, they did not partake of their husbands' idleness, certainly abetted it, since it seemed as if four-fifths of them had assembled on the shore and the little quay.

Curious to elucidate the mystery, my uncle drew near to a man who had just come ashore from a herring smack, and seemed to be its master, and, with some difficulty, for the sea-going Shetlanders are neither polished nor communicative, drew him into conversation.

Would it be possible, he presently asked, to visit Fughloe; and on what terms could a smack, the skipper's for instance, be chartered for the purpose?

"Fughloe!" repeated the man, with a grin on his bronzed features, "why—fifty pounds."

"Fifty *what?*" shouted my uncle. "For a four hours' sail?"

"You won't get one of us for less," said the man, sullenly, and probably in a different dialect from that into which my uncle has rendered it. "And I wouldn't tempt you to try it."

"You have done so well with the cod and the herrings this season, that money's no object, I suppose?"

The man's face grew dark.

"We have done *bad*," he said; "and we're doing worser."

"With miles of fish yonder waiting to jump into your nets?"

"Waiting to do *what?* Why, sir, *they* knows it just as well as we, perhaps better," was the oracular reply.

"Know what?"

"Eh! don't *you* know?" said the man, turning to my uncle; "so you're a stranger. Will you come a little way along o' me?" he added, in a tone meant to be civil. My uncle assented.

Passing the remaining cottages, from one of which the skipper procured his telescope, they ascended the nearest height, until they had opened a large portion of the bay towards the west. Then the man stopped, and extended his shaggy blue arm in a direction a little to the south of the now invisible Fughloe.

"The fog's shutting in again," he said; "but you look *there*, steady. "*That's what keeps us!*"

My uncle did look steadily along the blue arm and the brown finger, till they ended in fog and sea; but, in the latter—*through* the former—he fancied he could distinguish a low dark object belonging to neither, the precise nature of which was wholly indiscribable.

"Now you've got him, sir," said the man. "Take the glass."

My uncle did so, and directed a long and penetrating gaze at the mysterious object.

Twice he put down the glass, and twice—as if unsatisfied with his observation—raised it again to his eye.

"I see the—the islet—clearer now," he said, at last; "but—but——"

"I know what's a-puzzling you, sir," said the skipper. "You noticed, when we was standing below, that it was two hours' flood; and yet that little islet, as you call it, lifts higher and higher."

"True. It was little more than a wash when I first made it out," said my uncle; "let me see if—" he put the glass to his eye. "Why, as I live, it has heaved up thirty feet at least within this minute! Can any rock——"

"There's three hundred fathom, good, between *that* rock and the bottom, sir," said the man, quietly. "It's a creature!"

"Good Heavens, man!—do you mean to tell me *that object* is a living thing?" exclaimed my uncle, aghast.

For answer, the man pointed towards it.

His fingers trembling with excitement, my uncle could not, for a moment, adjust the glass. When he did so, a further change had taken place, and the dispersing mist afforded him, for the first time, a distinct and uninterrupted view.

At a distance from the nearest point of shore, which my uncle's [illegible] estimated at a league and a half, [illegible] swallowed, in the sun, a shapeless [illegible] dimensions it was impossible to form any estimation whatever, save that, as these to [illegible] not to the height of perhaps a hundred feet, [illegible] breadth of half that measure, there were [illegible] where—if the disturbance and displacement of the water might indicate movements of the same animal—its appalling proportions must have been measured by rods, poles, and furlongs!

Through the skipper's glass, which was an excellent one, my uncle observed that its height out of the water had diminished by nearly half; also, that clouds of sea-fowl were whirling and hovering about the weltering mass, though without, so far as he could distinguish, daring to settle upon it.

Fascinated by an object which seemed sent to rebuke his incredulity, in placing before his eyes this realisation of what had been hitherto treated as fantastic dreams, my uncle continued to gaze, rooted to the spot, until the mist, in one of its perpetual changes, shut out the object altogether, when the skipper, touching his hat, made a movement to descend.

In their way back to the village, the seaman told my uncle that, about a week before, the bay of Scalloway, and indeed all the neighboring estuaries, had become suddenly filled with immense shoals of every description of fish, the take of herrings alone being such as to bid fair to more than compensate for the losses of the season. Three days before, while the bustle was at its height, the wind light from sou'-sou'-west, and smooth sea, a sealing-boat from Papa Stoar, approaching Scalloway, had rounded Skeldar Ness, and was running across the bay, when one of the crew gave notice of an extraordinary appearance, about a mile distant, on the weather bow. The next moment, a mighty globe of water, apparently many hundred yards in circuit, rose to the height of their sloop's mast, and, breaking off into huge billows, the thunder of which was heard for miles around, created a sea which, distant as was the vessel from the source of commotion, tossed her like an egg-shell.

Traditions of volcanic action are not unknown to the Shetland seamen. Imagining that a phenomenon of this kind was occurring, they at once bore up, and, having the wind free, rapidly increased their distance from the danger, while, in every direction, boats, partaking of their alarm, were seen scudding into port. The appalled seamen glanced back to seaward. The momentary storm had ceased, and the spray and mist raised by the breaking water subsiding, gave to view an enormous object rising, in a somewhat irregular form, many feet above the surface, and—unless the terror of the crew led them to exaggerate—not less than half a mile in extent.

"A rock thrown up," was their first idea. One look through the glass dispelled it. The object, whatever it might be, lived, moved, was rolling round—or, at all events, swinging—with a heavy lateral movement, like a vessel deeply laden, the outline changing every moment; while, at intervals, a mountainous wave, as if created by some gigantic "wallow," would topple over the smoother sea.

Dusk was closing in when the sealing-boat reached the quay. They had been closer to the monstrous visitor than any, except one small craft—young Peter Magnus's—which had had to stand out to sea, but was now seen approaching. When she arrived, nearly the whole population was assembled, and assailed her crew with eager questions. Peter looked grave and disturbed. ("'Tis a young fellow, I'm afeared, without much heart," said the skipper) and seemed by no means sorry to set his foot on shore.

"It's neither rock, nor wreck, nor whale, nor serpent, nor anything we know of *here*," was all that could be be got from Peter, but one of his hands, who had taken a steadier look at the creature, declared that it made intelligent movements; also, that, in rolling, it displayed its flanks, which were reddish brown, and covered with bunches as big as botheys, and things like stunted trees! Pressed as to its size, he thought it might be three-quarters to a mile round, but *there was more below!*

"Not many of us fishermen turned in that night," the skipper went on to say. "We was up and down to the beach continually; for the night being still, we could *hear* the beast, and from its surging, and a thundering noise that might be his blowing, we thought he might be shifting his berth. And so he was; for at daybreak he worked to the east'ard, and has lain moored ever since where you see. But we still hear him, and the swell he makes comes right up to our boats in the harbor. Why don't we venture out a mile or so? *This* is why, Because, if he's a quarter so big as they say—and, sir, I'm afraid to tell you what that is—suppose he made up his mind to go down, he'd sink down a seventy-four, if she were within a mile of him. We're losing our bread, but we must bide his pleasure, or rather, God's, that sent him," concluded the honest skipper, "come what will on it."

"There was one chance for us," he presently added. "The Sapphire, surveying ship, is expected every day, and some think the captain wouldn't mind touching him up with his carronades; but when he sees what 'tis, I don't think he'll consider it his duety!"

They had reached the village during this conversation, and were approaching a group of persons engaged apparently in some dispute, when a young man burst out from the party, and in a disconcerted manner was walking away. The skipper stopped him.

"Well, Peter, my lad; what's wrong now?"

"I think she's mad!" was Peter's doubtful answer,

* The "holm," at low tide, is connected with the main.

as he brushed back his hair impatiently from his hot excited brow. He had handsome but effeminate features, and seemed about twenty.

The skipper spoke a word or two with him apart, patted his shoulder, as if enforcing some advice, and rejoined my uncle.

"Young Magnus, my sister's son," he said. "A sweethearts' quarrel, sir, that's all. But she *do* try him sure! Ah, Leasha, Leasha!" he continued, shaking his head at a young woman who sat at work upon the gunwale of a boat, and appeared the centre of an admiring circle of both sexes, who stood, sat, or sprawled about her, as their fancy prompted. She was very handsome, haughty-looking for her station, and, at this moment, out of humor.

Though she could not hear the skipper's exclamation, she understood the gesture that accompanied it, and, smoothing her brow, appeared to stand on the defensive.

Young Magnus, who had returned to the circle, stepped forward.

"Now, Leasha," he said, "will you dare to say before my uncle what you did to me—yes, to *me?*" repeated the young man, striking his breast passionately.

The word was ill-chosen. Leasha's spirit rose.

"Dare!" she said, in a suppressed voice. "You shall see," she said. "But remember, Mr. Edmonston," addressing my uncle's companion, "this has nothing to do with such as *you*. I said that, among Scalloway men, we had both children and cowards. I said that, because a wrecked hull, or a raft of Norway timber, or at worst a helpless dying monster of some sort is floating on our shores, we are not ashamed to skulk and starve in port. Not a boat will put out to take up the fish within half a mile of this beach"—she stamped her bare and sinewy but well-formed foot upon it—"nor even venture near enough to discover what it is that has scared away your courage and reason. Shame on all such, I say, and shame again."

"You don't know what you are talking of, Leasha," said Edmonston. "We do. If there were not danger, I should not be *here*. I might be willing to risk my life, but not my ship, which, while God spares her, must be my son's and grandson's bread. You speak at random, girl, and Peter Magnus is no more to blame than the rest of us; less perhaps," said the good-natured skipper, "for his boat is but a little thing. A 'wreck,' child? Who ever saw a rig with *nine masts!* 'Norway rafts?' Psha! Call it a sea-thing, you're nearer to the truth; but he's a bold seaman, and a precious fool to boot, that puts his craft near enough to ask whence he hails."

"*I* would do it if I were a man," cried the girl, beating her foot upon the ground. "And—and I will not say what I should think of the bold man that did it *now*."

Young Magnus colored to the temples, for the challenge was directed to him, but made no reply. There had stood, meanwhile, a little aloof from the group, a young fisherman, tall, athletic, and with a countenance that would have been handsome but for a depression of the nose, the result of an injury, and for a somewhat sullen and sinister expression, which was perhaps habitual to him. The words had not left Leasha's lips before he uncoiled his arms, which had been folded on his broad chest, and strode into the circle, saying, quietly,

"I will go."

"You'll not be such a fool, Gilbert Suncler (Sinclair)," said Edmonston.

"You'll see," said the other, in his short, sullen manner. "Some of you boys shove her off," pointing to his boat, "while I run up yonder."

He went to a cottage close at hand, and was back almost instantly, carrying something under his fishing-cape, and a gun.

His boat was already in the water, and fifty dexterous hands busied in stepping the mast, setting the sails, and stowing the shingle-ballast. She was ready.

"Who's going with you, since you *will* go?"—growled Edmonston.

"I've only room for one man living," said Sinclair, in his sinister way. "Now I don't want to take advantage over Peter Magnus. Him or none."

The young man stood irresolute for a moment, then, with one glance at Leasha, leaped into the boat. Sinclair pushed off, eagerly.

"You have done well, girl," said Edmonston, sternly. "If either return alive, it will not be Peter Magnus."

"What—what do you mean?" exclaimed the girl, clutching his sleeve as he turned away.

"That Gilbert Sinclair is a treacherous, malignant devil, and at this moment mad with jealous—— Stop——"

But Leasha had dashed down the beach.

"Peter! Peter!" she shrieked, "come back! For the love of Heaven—back! I must speak with you!"

"*Too late!*" replied Sinclair, with a grin. "Wait till he brings you what you want to know."

As the last word was uttered there was a splash astern. Magnus had leaped into the water.

"Ha! ha! *Coward!*" roared Sinclair, as his boat shot into the fog.

Evening was now approaching, and my uncle, deeply interested, and resolved to see the adventure out, accepted the skipper's invitation to pass the night at his cottage. After taking some refreshment, they strolled out again upon the shore and quay. The mist was clearing, and the moon had risen. My uncle asked what his host imagined Sinclair proposed to do, expressing his doubts whether he intended he intended anything but bravado,

Edmonston was not so sure of that. Ruffian as he was, with a spice of malice that made him the terror and aversion of the village, Sinclair was a perfect dare-devil in personal courage, and, his blood being now up, he was certain, if he returned at all, to bring back tidings of some description. The man's unlucky passion for Leasha (who was betrothed, Edmonston said, to his nephew) had been the cause of so much uneasiness to the friends of both. "God pardon me if I misjudge the man," concluded Edmonston; "but if ever murder looked out of man's eye, it did from his when Peter jumped into his boat to-day."

By eleven o'clock the haze had lifted so much that the skipper proposed to ascend the height, and try if anything could be seen. The night was still as death; and, as they rose the hill, the soft rippling murmur of the sea barely reached their ears.

"I never knew him so quiet as *this*," remarked Edmonston; "I take it he's——"

Before he could finish, a sound, compounded of rush and roar, so fearful and appalling that it can be likened to nothing but the sudden bursting of a dam which confined a pent-up sea, swooped from seaward, and seemed to shake the very rock on which they stood. There was a bellow of cavernous thunder, which seemed to reverberate through the distant isles; and, far out, a broad white curtain appeared to rise, blend with the dispersing fog, and move majestically towards the land.

"It's the surf! He has sounded," whispered Edmonston. "Listen—now!"

Perfect silence had succeeded the tumultuous roar, and again they heard nothing but the sough of the sea lapping the crags below. But, after the lapse of perhaps a minute, the hush was invaded by a soft sibilating murmur, increasing to a mighty roar; and with a crash like thunder, a billow—fifteen feet in height—fell headlong upon the rocky shore. It was followed by two or three more, each smaller than the preceding; and once again silence resumed her sway.

At daybreak it was seen that the terrible Sentinel of Scalloway had returned to his fathomless deeps.

And where was Sinclair? He was seen no more; but, weeks afterwards, a home-bound boat, passing near the spot where the monster had lain, nearly came in contact with some floating wreck. From certain singular appearances, some of which seemed to indicate that the wreck had been but recently released from the bottom, the crew were induced to take it in tow, and bring it in port. There it was at once identified as the forward portion of Gilbert's Sinclair's boat torn—or as Scalloway men insist to this day, *bitten*—clean off, just forward of the mast; the grooves of one colossal tooth—the size of a tree—being distinctly visible!

There are persons, it is true, who have endeavored to lessen the mysterious interest of my uncle's story, by suggesting a different explanation; hinting, for example, that the object might have been composed of nothing more extraordinary than the entangled hulls of two large vessels, wrecked in collision; and that Sinclair, suspecting this, and endeavoring to reduce them to manageable proportions through the agency of gunpowder, had destroyed himself with them.

But, if so, where were the portions of wreck? We have also the support of no less a person than the author of Waverley, who, in his notes to the Pirate, mentions the incident, and its effect upon the hardy seamen of Scalloway; while my uncle himself, at a subsequent visit to that port, smoked a pipe with Mr. Magnus in the very boat—then converted into an arbor—that had been bitten in two by the sea-monster. So that, with him, I frankly ask—if it was not a kraken—WHAT WAS IT?

[*From the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*]

THE CHOLERA.

BY JACOB BIGELOW, M. D.

Within the present century, cholera, a disease indigenous in hot climates of the East, has at various intervals, made its appearance in the temperate latitudes of Europe and America. It is now again exciting interest from its possible, and, perhaps, probable approach to this country.

The experience of the last thirty or forty years has led a majority of medical men who had observed the disease to believe that, as a general law, it is not contagious. In this belief I must individually remain, until evidence more satisfactory than any which has yet appeared shall justify an opposite conviction.

The great epidemics of 1830 and 1847 had a remarkable coincidence in the path which they pursued, and in the order and dates of their arrival in different cities. They seem to have followed certain great routes of travel, and to have avoided others equally frequented. According to Lesegue, they both visited consecutively, and in corresponding months, Tiflis, Astrachan, Moscow, Petersburg, and Berlin. In 1831, cholera did not take the most frequented route from Berlin to Paris, but passed along the shores of the Baltic, crossed over to Sunderland, went down to London, and again crossed the channel, and arrived in Paris about six months after its appearance in Berlin. A disease propagated by contagion of any kind would hardly have avoided the most frequented thoroughfares from Berlin to Paris, while it occupied half a year in going round England.

The epidemic now or lately prevailing in Europe appears to date back at least nine months, at which time it existed among the caravans of pilgrims visiting or returning from the City of Mecca. In the middle of May last it was at Alexandria and Cairo, in June at Constantinople, Ancona, and Marseilles, and in November at Paris, Havre, and other European cities.

Thus it appears that cholera has now existed in Europe from three to eight months, among cities having constant commercial intercourse with seaports of the United States, during which time thousands of passengers, and tons of thousands of bales and packages have been landed in our maritime cities. If cholera were as contagious or portable as many believe it to be, it ought to have begun and perhaps finished its work in many of our seaports before this time.

Epidemics require two things for their introduction and extension. These are, first, predisposition in the inhabitants of the place visited; and, second, the arrival or presence of an existing cause. This cause in some epidemics, such as smallpox, is contagion. In others it is an occult influence, not yet discovered nor understood, not known to be controlled except in some instances, by hygienic agencies. No country, I believe, has succeeded in keeping out cholera by quarantines, and no country, as far as we know, can produce it artificially or retain it after the predisposition has disappeared. In its own time it moves on thoroughfares where men are traveling, and spreads in cities where they are stationary, for no better reason known than that mankind are its necessary food, and that where there are no people there can be no cholera. But why, of two frequented roads or cities, it selects one and avoids the other, investigators have not yet been able to satisfy us.

The credit of having introduced the present epidemic into Europe is by a sort of popular acclamation assigned to the hosts of squalid devotees who perform an annual pilgrimage to Mecca. Yet we are told that "the cholera exists every year among the caravans of Mussulmans arriving at the holy cities," so that their supposed mission of forwarding the cholera to Europe in most years fails to be performed.

Cholera, like influenza and some other migratory diseases, has not always advanced from East to West. Of the vehicle in which it travels, or the course it is next to take, we know about as much as mankind knew of the cause of lightning before the discovery of electricity. Its conveyance and propagation have been ascribed to air, to water, to material foci, to electricity, to ozone or to the want of it. Of late, in consequence of the vast development by the microscope of the existence everywhere of minute living organisms, it has become more common to ascribe the arrival of this and other like epidemics to certain unseen "germs" which are called seeds or ova, cryptagamic or animalcular, according as the fancy of the theorist inclines him to adopt a vegetable or an animal nomenclature.

But in this, as in many other cases, it is easier to trace an analogy, or to assume a cause, than it is to prevent an effect. Although inquirers have been indefatigable in their attempts to enlighten the world on the means of ridding ourselves of the presence of the various offensive co-tenants of our globe, yet no crusade has succeeded in banishing from our fields and houses the unwelcome swarm of musquitoes, worms, grubs, and flies, which molest us with their annual presence; nor in suppressing the blight of grain, the potato rot, or the peach tree disease. Happily, some, if not most of these, have their periods of abatement or disappearance, and this rather through the order of Providence than the agency of man. Cholera seems to abide in the same category. We know little of its exciting cause, and not much of its prevention, except that by following in our personal habits the dictates of reason and experience, we diminish both the frequency and danger of its occurrence.

Whatever may be the cause of vehicle of cholera credulous and excitable persons are impatient of suspense, and are prone to cut a knot which they fail to untie. When an epidemic disease first appears, some coincidence is always brought to light which is supposed capable of accounting for it. The arrival of a ship, the opening of a trunk, or the washings of a garment, are among the most frequently accepted causes. But as these have happened a thousand times before, and apparently under like circumstances, without any known results, it had been thought necessary by some of our late writers to narrow the compass of actual exposure down to the reception of the morbid excretions of one individual into the digestive canal of another. The first impression made by this announcement must, if true, be one of relief, the danger not seeming likely to happen very often. But to the possibility of such danger we can never oppose an absolute negative, so long as we persist in eating smelts and flounders caught about the mouth of our drains, or even turnips, salads, and strawberries raised at Brighton. The risk, however, is so small, that most persons will prefer to take it, rather than to deprive themselves of food or luxury.

Of the many sensation tales printed and reprinted about cholera, and the supposed instances of remarkable communication or arrestation, it is sufficient to say that they are frequently interesting, being fully as dramatic as they are probable.

In the same regard we cannot help noticing that credulity, and perhaps private cupidity, have caused much stress to be laid on the supposed preventive efficacy of what are called "disinfectants," a mysterious word which implies a thing assumed but not proved to exist. We have deodorizers, such as chlorine, charcoal, etc., which by their combinations render certain effluvia imperceptible to our noses. The narrative, then, of the physician of Malta, who covered certain surfaces in vessels with oil, and had them "disinfected by chlorine gas," "after which no new cases occurred," is to be classed with other like results with which the medical press always abounds at the close of epidemics.

In clean and well-regulated cities of temperate climate, cholera is far from being the most formidable of epidemics. A greater part of its victims are the miserably poor, the worn out, the ill-provided, and the intemperate, in whom this disease only anticipates the date, but does not greatly increase the annual and biennial number of deaths. Its mortality in our Northern Atlantic cities rarely amounts to one per cent. of the population in a given place or year, so that a man may reside through an epidemic in one of these cities with less risk than he can take a pleasure voyage to Europe. After having witnessed many cases of cholera in this and other cities, I am further satisfied that it affords one of the easiest modes of exit from the world.

People who would avoid or prevent cholera should cultivate equanimity, regularity of life and habits, cleanliness, salubrious exercise, temperance, and avoidance of all excesses. When they have done their duty in providing for the care of the sick, allaying public panics, and abating public nuisances, they may safely dismiss their apprehensions. Little good and some harm is always done by the indiscreet agitation of a subject which is to a great extent beyond our control. A single or sporadic case of cholera occurring in a village of a thousand inhabitants may attract little notice, and perhaps without record; but a hundred cases in a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants make an aggregate which generally causes some panic, through the proportion is exactly the same, and the panic equally unnecessary. It is possible that the supposed immunity of country districts in comparison with cities may be accounted for by the fact, that in the sparse population of country towns cases are less liable to be detected and published.

I may be excused for repeating the following remark from among some "Aphorisms" published by me about thirty years ago, when the disease was new and little known among us: "Should the cholera continue to prevail for three years throughout this continent, it would cease to interrupt either business or recreation. Mankind cannot always stand aghast, and the wheels of society at length would be no more impeded by its presence than they now are by the existence of consumption, of old age, or of drunkenness."

STEINWAY'S NEW MUSICAL HALL.

Music-loving New York will learn with pleasure that it is to have at last a Music Hall that will be a credit and a comfort to the city. The eminent firm of Messrs. Steinway & Sons, who have long had such a plan in mind, are about to erect a hall in rear of their magnificent Piano-Forte warerooms, on Fourteenth-st., having reserved ground for it at the time of the erection of that building, which is itself without a rival in the United States. They intend that the new hall shall be as complete and elegant in its way as their ware-rooms are—more than which New York has no need to desire. It will occupy the space back of the present building, between Fourth Avenue and Irving Place, on Fourteenth St., and reaching thence to Fifteenth St. The dimensions of the hall will be 123 feet long, by 75 feet broad, and 42 feet in height—in the latter respect avoiding, we are glad to see, the excessive height, which is one chief fault of the Boston Music Hall. The proposed elevation in this hall is abundant both for architectural and acoustic effects. The main entrance will be on Fourteenth St., with spacious exit, also, on Fifteenth St. There are to be two galleries on the end nearest Fourteenth St., extending on each side not more than one-third of the length of the hall—all the rest to be clear from floor to ceiling. There will be 2550 actual seats all comfortable and all affording a clear view of the stage. Probably the open space of the hall will afford standing room for 500 persons more, who may be enthusiastic enough to like that way of hearing concerts. Very careful attention has been given in the plans to acoustics—one of the points wherein halls meant for concerts most often prove defective. A matter not less important to comfort is ventilation, which also will be thoroughly accomplished. It will be possible, in this Steinway Hall, to sit through a concert without that dreadful sense of sleepiness, or those dreadful headaches afterward, which frequenters of existing music halls have sad experience of. Warming and lighting arrangements have been studied with equal care. Steam is to be used in heating and gas for light, with burners so disposed as not to fatigue the eye while brilliantly lighting every corner of the hall. The decorations of wall and ceiling are to be mainly fresco, costly, elegant, and chaste. The walls of the building will be 28 inches thick, set in cement, buttresses with heavy piers, floors laid in cement, and the whole building constructed with conscientious regard to safety, as well as to splendor and comfort. An organ of great power is to occupy the stage end, constructed expressly for the purpose, at a cost, we believe, of $20,000, and as powerful as the size of the room will admit. Adjoining the hall will be another building, on Fifteenth St., devoted partly to piano studios for artists, and partly to the machinery of the organ. The estimated cost of the hall is $90,000, exclusive of the lot and of the organ. The plans are already in the hands of the builders, and workmen are now clearing the ground, removing old buildings, and making excavations. The contracts call for the completion of the work by the first week of next September—in good time for the concert season. New York will then have the satisfaction of knowing that she possesses a music hall which, in beauty, fitness for its purpose, and in general excellence, will be surpassed by none in America—we expect to be able to say, equaled by none.—N. Y. TRIBUNE.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1866.

A new military organization is about to be formed in England composed of the crême de la crême of London: we suggest that it be called the Cold Cream Guards and that it be sent to Ireland to prevent any future "breaking out."

A desperate punster writes us to ask whether when a man has been kicked he ought to consider himself as having been "V-toe'd." We are not in a condition to reply.

Some new ruins have been discovered recently in Mexico, and in a year or so, from present appearances, some more ruins will be discovered there.

If you want to know how you stand with anybody, get him angry: you never know what is at the bottom of a stream till it is stirred up.

Punch describes the House of Commons as "The Modern Babble-on:" a description that is equally applicable to our House of Representatives.

An exchange asks whether if a man is "steeped in poverty" it won't take all the strength out of him: we decline trying the experiment.

The papers speak of a progressista party in Spain: it would be a good place for Miss Anna Dickinson.

It is proposed to change the name of the British House of Commons to Vox-hall, and inscribe over its entrance *Vox et Præterea Nihil*.

Josh Billings says that Delaware may be described just now as "the land of shadders."

Congress will close some time in May when it will be the privilege of every member to "introduce a bill."

Beware of the Cock-eye and of the whole Cock-eye-san race.

Speaking of the contemplated removal of Mr. Philes, the well known classical book-seller, a wag remarked that it didn't matter where he moved to as he would be sure to be followed by his customers who are "a peculiar people zealous of *good works*."

The female clerks in the Treasury Department, Washington, are in a state of excitement because the government refuses to pay the expense of their blades.

The Express has caused considerable alarm in Wall Street by proposing that a law be passed to prevent the "flying of kites."

The Post Office Department in Washington has decided to give up its late petroleum experiment and rely hereafter, like the other departments—and like government departments generally—on *gas*.

The Common Council has passed a resolution to the effect that dead bodies shall hereafter be advertised. The example was set by President Johnson.

A lady correspondent inquires what right the corporation calling itself "The Grand Trunk Railroad Company" has to charge extra rates for any side of work.

Some one has sent us an elaborate essay to prove that one of the best protectives against the cholera and all such diseases is silk underclothing. We have examined Mr. Union Adams on the subject and find that he is of the same opinion: this is what we call a [illegible]

A new sporting journal has been started in London under the title of "Land and Water:" it strikes us that a more attractive title for the sports would have been Brandy and Water.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall, London, have in press a work entitled "The Gay Science, being Essays principally relative to Gentlemen," by E. S. Dallas. The idea of classing Being a gay science strikes us as humorously that we are anxious to see how Mr. Dallas makes it out.

"Figaro" remarked, some fifteen or twenty years ago, of the soil of Texas that "if you should tickle it with a hoe, it would laugh with a harvest:" and now to think that the saying is printed among the witticisms of Douglas Jerrold, and applied not to Texas, but to Australia!

A portrait of a man can sometimes be dashed off with a single phrase. We heard somebody say of George Bancroft, the other day, that he looked like an "enervated man:" a word more, and the portrait would have been spoiled.

A telegram to the New York Tribune informs us that since General Grant has been in Washington he has become all shaven and shorn: we should have anticipated as much.

Congress is about deciding that hereafter the head of no living man shall be printed on U. S. currency: the next important issue will probably bear the head of Forney.

There is a fresh movement in England to get rid of church rates, and, as a consequence, of church rats.

"An Old Democrat" writes us that some years ago there was a pest in New York called the Rynderpest, or something of the kind, the presence of which was indicated by the firing off of a big gun in the Park.

At the Lord Dundreary libel suit which recently took place in London, the English, as might have been expected, were nearly all on the Sothern side.

It has just been formally announced by certain persons in England that the cattle disease originated, beyond a doubt, in Catholicism: it is supposed to have been communicated by the Pope's last bull.

How to Ruin your Constitution.—Keep tinkering at it.

A Rum Commission.—The Jamaica Commission in England.

When taken to be well shaken.—Canada.

An Arch Suggestion.—Any young lady who wishes to know about practising with the bow—not to mention the arrow—should address herself to Mr. Henry Gebhard No. 161 Fifth Avenue.

Organ-grinders Device.—One good turn deserves another.

Award of Merit.—Artemus.

The Artist's Adieu to his Pictures.—You be hanged!

Picture-hanger's art.—*Ars celare artem.* (The art to conceal art).

The Green-eyed Monster.—Fenianism.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

My Dear Press:

The opera houses, this week, have been very quiet. At the Italiens, Patti is still singing in "The Barber of Seville" after her usual style, making such changes as suit her caprice, but hardly improving on Rossini. The impresario of the Academy has not yet given up the "Africaine," which alternates with the "Huguenots" or "Robert le Diable;" while at the Opéra Comique, "Flor d'Aliza" is striving to push its delicate and frail petals into bloom, but has uphill work of it.

At the Gaieté theatre we have just had a "first representation." The piece is one of these terrific dramas full of duels, conspiracies, murders, poisonings and other indispensable accessories of five-act "historical" dramas. Since the period when Romantism flourished, historical dramas have been very fashionable in Paris, owing doubtless to the immense success of Alexandre Dumas in his youth, the invariable model being the famous "Henri III.," for unhappily the organic deficiency of the present writers of such pieces is their lack of originality. They follow their model so closely that nobody can precisely tell the point wherein the, differ. The plot as well as the characters remain substantially the same. Henri III. is transformed into Henri II. or Charles IX.; the other characters become in like manner invested with new titles, names and costumes; and the heroine of the play may possibly be changed from a married lady into a young girl, but this is all. These transformations remind us of those which the theatre in France had to undergo during the reign of the first Napoleon, who had a holy horror of the liberty of the stage, as well as against everything bearing the odious name. No piece could be played without being first carefully read by censors; and the manner in which they disfigured everything they touched you can hardly imagine. The most celebrated case was that of a M. Brifaut who had written a drama called "Don Sanche" (a hero of an old romance). The scene of the action was laid in Spain. But as about that time the affairs of Napoleon in that country were becoming complicated, M. Brifaut had to modify his piece, which he did, simply by changing the title to "Ninus II., King of Assyria," making Ninus instead of Don Sanche, the hero, and laying the scene in Assyria. This incident which is, by the way, characteristic, of the literary regime under Napoleon, will give you a correct idea of the manner in which our modern composers write historical dramas. What becomes of the "couleur locale" under this process, I will not undertake to say. The public is perfectly aware of these facts; but the mass of the people who would not feel interested in the persecutions of a contemporaneous hero or heroine become deeply absorbed in the misfortunes of a duke or a countess of a hundred years ago—and the play-wrights have to act accordingly. The managers and authors (if the latter may be thus called) make money and see no reason why they should try to elevate the intellectual and literary character of the drama. In most of the pieces alluded to, the part of the scene-shifter is far more important than that of the author, or, in many cases even of the actors.

Though I have seen the drama which has suggested these remarks, and the title of which is "*Le Coup de Jarnac*," I find nothing in it worthy of notice. Everybody knows such pieces before seeing them. The only thing new was the scenery which was really fine. The public, however, was as enthusiastic as ever; most of the women cried, and one of them said loudly, while looking at me with indignant eyes, that a man who could stand such a drama without weeping must be entirely heartless. Let us hope that these kind-hearted women, whenever appealed to by the stern realities of life, will not fail to display the good qualities that their tears would seem to indicate.

"Crispino e la Comare" has made popular the names of the two brothers Ricci. M. de Villars has just published a book full of biographical details concerning the two composers. As you are no doubt aware, only one of them, M. Fréderic Ricci, is still living, and it is from him that M. de Villars derives the information given in the book which he has just presented to the public. The chapters in which he speaks of the way in which the brothers used to blend their studies, in order to compose their works, is especially interesting. They published, as you know, four operas, the last being "Crispino." They had always worked together. In this opera, however, they did not, each having taken different portions of the work, and composed his own morceaux as he pleased. M. de Villars who saw in Milan the original partition, which gives the name of the author of each morceau, discloses the full particulars of the history of this opera.

M. Offenbach is preparing a new opera buffo called "Robinson Crusoë."

It is reported that an immense theatre is to be built in the *Champ de Mars*, near the grand palace of the exhibition. M. Carvalho, the director of the Théatre Lyrique, and M. Hostein, the manager of the Théatre du Châtelet, are said to have made arrangements for it with the imperial commission. There will be two distinct halls. In one of them concerts similar to the *Concerts populaires*—that is to say, consisting of the best classical music—are to be given every night. The other will be the theatre proper—and is to be one of the largest in the world. *Chefs d'œuvre* of every nation will be represented in the language in which they were originally written. The best actors in every country represented at the exhibition are to be engaged for this purpose.

I have to mention to you the name of another exhibition journal, which threatens to be a very formidable rival to the one which I spoke of in my last. The title of it is *Le Panthéon de l'Industrie et des Arts*. The *Temps*, one of our best and most respected dailies, says of it that it is the true organ or *Moniteur* of the exhibition, and is edited without the least bias individual or national. The *Temps* concludes its notice by saying that the *Panthéon de l'Industrie et des Arts*, being a truthful organ, conducted with unflinching honesty and impartiality, runs no risk of being confounded with the charlatan enterprises whose only aim is to be the sycophants of the exhibition.

M. Millaud, the editor of the *Soleil*, has offered one hundred thousand dollars to V. Hugo for the permission to publish in feuilleton his new novel, called *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*. Hugo refused on the ground that the way in which his work is written does not allow of its being cut up into feuilletons. In his answer he announces that he is preparing for next year another novel, which is to be entitled *Quatre-vingt treize*.

M. Gustave Flaubert, the well known author of *Madame Bovary* and *Sollambo*, will soon publish his new work, called *Le Livre Sans Nom*. M. Flaubert is a millionaire who writes at his leisure, and bestows great care on the works he gives to the public.

M. Alexandre Dumas, Jr., has almost finished his new comedy, the name of which is *Les Hommes Politiques*. At first he had given to his work the title of *Les Journalists*. I do not hear whether it is to be represented at the Théatre Français or at the Gymnase.

His father, whose new piece is to be played very soon at the Gaieté, is now engaged in writing a series of articles in the *Grand Journal* on cooking. Dumas has always been prouder of his talent as a cook than as of a writer. He can bear the most acrimonious critic on his writing, but the moment you call in question his cooking, you turn him into a bitter enemy.

It is said that M. Martin, the historian, will certainly obtain the vacant chair of M. Dupin at the Academy. It will be truly amusing to hear M. Martin, who has the reputation of being a republican, praise in his *discours de réception* M. Dupin, his predecessor, who has successively worshipped and detested Louis XVIII., Louis Philippe, the Republic of Forty-Eight, and Napoleon.

George Sand has just favored us with a new novel, the title of which is *Monsieur Sylvestre*.

M. de Goncourt, whose last piece, *Henriette Maréchal*, proved a failure, is about to give us a new book, called *Idées et Sensations*.

M. Emile Olivier, who is a new fangled turn-coat, and whom the sight of a possible portfolio caused to forget that he had ever been a republican, has just replaced M. de Girardin as the chief editor of *La Presse*. On the other hand, M. de Girardin, who has never been more busily engaged in journalistic affairs than since he sent in his resignation with such éclat is now issuing a new paper, called *La Liberté*. The first number has already appeared. It is sold for ten centimes (two cents).

A comedy, by M. Glais-Bizoin, the Deputy, who lately made such a severe attack in the Assembly upon the government, has been interdicted by the censors. The piece is entitled *Le Vrai Courage*. I have read it, and there is not the slightest political reason for preventing its representation. It is a mere attempt to thwart the author on account of his opposition to the emperor. It must be confessed that this is a singularly puerile policy.

A new edition of *Mirandre*, a work of M. Guizot, Jr., was published last week. The author still continues his historical lectures in the Collége de France. He is said to improve as a lecturer every day, but he can never become an orator.

In the last number of the *Univers Illustré*, there is a magnificent panoramic view of the exhibition palace. As copies of this paper will doubtless reach your city, I beg to call your attention to it.

Mr. Durand, your distinguished landscape painter, has sent here two unusually fine landscapes. They are for the exhibition, and will doubtless attract much attention.

Eco.

Paris, March 7, 1866.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

BY FIGARO.

I saw you on Monday night, Mr. Editor, at Wallack's, enjoying the performance of "The Serious Family,"—enjoying it, that is, in your grim way.

The attendance was pretty full—the occasion being Mr. Young's benefit—but I picked you out at once; for you happened to sit in range of one of the long mirrors and—will you believe it?—I saw you as plainly as anybody in the house.

I like those mirrors, by the way, because when I want to survey the audience—which I always do at Wallack's—I can do so without staring anybody out of countenance.

It is pleasant, too, now and then, to catch a glimpse of one's self—and with me it is peculiarly so because, by a strange coincidence, I invariably get a glimpse of you at the same time.

And apropos, somebody asked me, the other day, if you and I were not relatives—cousins or something of that kind—which reminded me of a certain Lord in England who asked the Siamese Twins what relation they were to each other, and seemed much surprised to learn that they were brothers.

However, you and I are not brothers, nor anything of the sort, though I love you quite as well for all that and would do as much for you—witness these Feuilleton's—as for any man this side (or the other) of Nantucket.

But tell me, wasn't "The Serious Family" well cast?

Think of it: Mr. Young as Aminadab Sleek—Mr. Robinson as Capt. Murphy Maguire—Miss Henriques as Mrs. Torrens—Miss Gannon as Mrs. Delmaine—Mrs. Vernon as Lady Sowerly Creamly—and so on.

The piece was never so honored before since it was written—and, for that matter, never deserved to be.

We all used to go and see it in the days of old Burton, but it was for the sake of seeing *him*: the other actors, as a rule, counted for nothing.

The last time I saw it, before this week, was at the Chambers St. Theatre, just before Burton left there.

You remember it, for we were together, and next to us sat a well-known clergyman from Boston who relished the fun of the thing even more than we did—though he was evidently afraid, all the evening, of being discovered.

Burton, of course, played Aminadab Sleek, and played it as he only could.

Lots of people have tried it since—from Dan Setchell up—but they have all made the mistake of trying to be Burtonic.

Young is too shrewd for this and gives us an Aminadab of his own—and a better one, in some respects, than Burton's.

The difficulty with Burton was that, no matter what he played, he couldn't keep being coarse.

Young, at any rate, never falls into this error.

In fact, the whole atmosphere of Wallack's is one of refinement.

Why, this wretched farce of "The Serious Family" is given to us with such elegance there that the essential vulgarity and grossness of the thing are, for the moment, quite forgotten.

The attention is not centred on any one of the characters, but when the play is over you are at a loss which most to admire, the unctuousness of Mr. Young's Aminadab—the gentlemanly humor of Mr. Robinson's Captain Maguire—the lady-like rendering of Mrs. Torrens by Miss Henriques—the subtle appreciation of Lady Sowerly Creamly by Mrs. Vernon—or the genuine yet subdued humor of Miss Gannon as Mrs. Delmaine.

Indeed, you recall with more or less pleasure even the minor characters—Miss Barrett's Emma Torrens, for instance—and wonder what talisman there is about Wallack's which thus transforms one of the vulgarest and worst written plays of the day into all but a genteel comedy.

I suppose that after seeing "The Serious Family" I ought, out of respect to Mr. Young, to have stopped and seen "The Laughing Hyena," in which he plays the part of Simon Hornblower; but one play an evening is as much as I can stand.

blanket of the party was Dumpsey, whose expressions | * The "holm," at low tide, is connected with the main.

I can fancy, however, how good he was in it; while as for Mr. Gilbert's Felix Fumer, Miss Burke's Poppy, and Mrs. Jennings' Mrs. Fumer—why the names tell the whole story.

Mrs. Jennings, by the way, had her benefit on Wednesday, appearing in "Second Love" and "High Life Below Stairs," but on that evening I was booked for Wood's Theatre to see Miss Western's Don Cæsar—of which more presently.

I hear that Mrs. Jennings had a good house (she ought to have had a crowded one) and played better than ever.

Last night Mr. George Holland was to have his turn in "Paul Pry" and "Deaf as a Post"—but Friday you know is my contraband day, and I must refer you for an account of performance to the morning papers: what a splendid old actor Holland is, you know already.

The next benefit at Wallack's will be that of Mrs. John Sefton, which will take place on Monday next, in "Dombey and Son" and the aforesaid "Hyena."

To-night we are to have a repetition of "The Last Day" and "The Eton Boy," which were introduced a week or so ago for the benefit of Mr. Robinson.

The only other item I have about Wallack's is sufficiently explained by the following extract from Wednesday's *Tribune:*

A DRAMATIC IMPOSTOR.

Anonymous letter-writing is one of the most offensive tricks of blackguardism. The recent reception of a couple of anonymous letters, post-marked Roxbury, Massachusetts, has especially attracted the attention to this subject. Our correspondent—who styles himself a "Well-Known New Yorker," and who expresses himself in a manner that evinces both ignorance and silliness—urges us to publish, as an item of theatrical news, a statement which he perfectly well knows would be a falsehood. What he wishes us to say is that Mr. Lester Wallack has temporarily withdrawn from the stage for the purpose of writing a play. Such a statement, indeed, has recently got into print in at least two New York papers—from which fact we infer that this anonymous letter-writer has been more successful in his efforts to impose upon others than he has been in the endeavor to deceive us. His statement is unqualifiedly false. Ill health is the sole cause of Mr. Wallack's absence from the stage; and we are authorized to deny, in his name, the assertion that he has secluded himself for the purpose of writing a play. Accident, we may add, has put us in possession of the facts connected with this case of anonymous letter-writing and attempted imposture. They are worth the telling, we think, as illustrative of the possible insolence and fraud of mercenary shrewdness, and also as illustrative of one form of annoyance to which managers and journalists are often subjected. These, then, are the facts: The "Well-Known New Yorker," resident at Roxbury, Massachusetts, has written a play. This play he has sent to Mr. Lester Wallack, requesting that gentleman to assume its authorship, and to produce it at his theatre, paying to him, the aforesaid "Well-Known New Yorker," the proceeds resulting therefrom. Of course, this modest proposition has not been entertained. Meanwhile, the "Well-Known New Yorker" has anonymously addressed this and other papers, endeavoring to secure the assistance of the press in his insolent scheme of imposture. We hope that he will profit by this exposure so far as to spare us the necessity of publishing his name, which we have ascertained since receiving his letters. The way of the anonymous letter-writer is hard—and may become harder.

It has been well known, all the season, in theatrical circles, that Mr. Wallack was too ill to appear on the stage: and I may add, here, that the general sympathy for him has been not a little heightened by the fact that there has been found one man on the press—if the word man can be applied to a person long since all but ruled out of human companionship by the established infamy of his character—base enough to make his illness the subject of malignant jest.

But hold! I am half inclined to take this last paragraph back.

There are certain persons connected with journalism in New York whose only chance of calling attention to themselves (their sole aim) is by publicly defaming their betters.

Only allude to them in print, however indirectly, and they are happy; mention them by name, no matter in what connection (for it must needs be a disgraceful one) and they will fall on their knees to you.

The creature above referred to is one of them: another is a wretched importation (or exportation) from Philadelphia who, in the absence of his employer, took occasion, last Saturday, to use the columns of one of our city weeklies (the CITIZEN,—from which his name had just been erased) to pour out his venom upon a recently deceased young woman, in the hope that her friends might be driven to call attention to him, even if they had to horsewhip him through the streets.

Why such vermin are permitted to remain on any journal in New York is a question I may go into some other time: meanwhile, apologising for the digression, let me go on with my Feuilleton.

I had just got through—had I not?—with Wallack's.

Well then, now for the rest of my budget.

At the Winter Garden, the great attraction continues, of course, to be Edwin Booth—whose engagement, as you will regret to hear, closes on Thursday next when he will take a Farewell Benefit, for which all the tickets are being taken as fast as the box-keeper can pass them out.

At last Wednesday's Matinée, "Hamlet" was substituted in the place of "Richelieu" and with a result that would warrant its repetition, seven times a week, to the end of the season.

This afternoon, Mr. Booth will play Don Cæsar de Bazan for the benefit of "the institution in 58th St., for the support of the destitute children of the soldiers and sailors who have been killed in our recent struggle for the Union."

This evening, "Hamlet" again.

At Niblo's Garden, Maggie Mitchell gives her charming impersonation of Marie in "The Pearl of Savoy," to-night, for the last time this season, and on Monday appears as Amry in the domestic drama of "Little Barefoot."

At the Olympic, "Cinderella à la Comare" still holds sway, though it will probably be withdrawn next week.

At the Broadway, "The Victims" will be given this afternoon and evening for the last time, after which the bill will be changed for "several beautiful attractions"—so says the bill—"in preparation for the Easter Holidays": needless to say that the "head-centre" of the beautiful attractions will be John Owens.

At Wood's Theatre, Miss Lucille Western is still playing in "East Lynne," and drawing about the best houses in town.

There being an "East Lynne" Matinée on Wednesdays, she gives us her Don Cæsar Bazan in the evening for a change.

And everybody ought to see it: it is really a superb piece of acting.

I have no time to go into an analysis of it, but in point not only of conception and elaboration, but of grace and finish, it is one of the best things I have seen on the stage.

The *woman* peeps out now and then, it is true—and the action of the piece is marred in certain scenes by a too formal style of elocution—but the splendid dash and *abandon* of Don Cæsar are maintained throughout, and, before the curtain drops, you forget the sex of the performer and think only of the artistic and all but unexceptionable character of the performance.

And, now, a word or so about one or two other matters and I have done.

At Barnum's, as you know, crowds of persons flock every afternoon and evening to see the really magnificent spectacle of "Moses or Israel in Egypt": believe me, the moving panorama of the Nile in it is one of the most splendid scenic effects ever seen in New York.

At Irving Hall, we are to have to-night the fifth and last of Theodore Thomas' Symphony Soirées, at which, beside Mr. Thomas, we are to have Miss Lizzie Eckhardt, Mr. G. Matzka, Mr. A. F. Toulmin, and an orchestra at least sixty strong.

At the Academy, as there is to be a Philharmonic performance this afternoon at three, the operatic Matinée (Mozart's "Don Giovanni") will commence at 11 A. M.

The benefit of Miss Kellogg, which was postponed last Wednesday on account of her sudden illness, is now announced for Monday evening next—the opera to be *L'Etoile Du Nord.*

The Academy has been taken for this evening by the subscribers to the Théatre Français—the occasion being a complimentary benefit to the managers, Messrs. Juignet and Drivet: play, *Les Enfers de Paris.*

A special performance will take place at the Winter Garden on Wednesday evening next for the benefit of Mr. H. T. Jackson, the treasurer of the establishment and one of the most gentlemanly officials connected with any theatre in town: the principal features of the performance will be the first appearance in New York of Mr. J. Newton Gotthold, who will play the part of Othello.

You ought to say it formally, Sir, in your editorial columns, but I don't suppose you will, so I'll do it myself right here.

"Say what?" do you ask.

Why that PFAFF HAS SOLD OUT.

Just think of it—that he of all others should go back on us!

Well, I suppose he's got rich and wants to lay off for a while.

Never mind; his name still remains to us—a name known, now, all over the land—and it will be a long time before the establishment will be known by any other.

The new comers are Messrs. Kruyt & Co.—Mr. Kruyt having been *chef de cuisine* for some dozen years or so, at Delmonico's.

All will continue to be right, therefore, so far as the "inner man" is concerned; but we shall sadly miss the genial face of dear old Pfaff, and the habitués of the place will drink to his memory as long as the house stands.

But more of this another time, when I may give some Pfaffian reminiscences, which will be worth reading.

Figaro.

Messrs. Leavitt, Strebeigh & Co., will offer at auction on Friday evening next, at their Trade Sale Rooms, 498 Broadway, the largest collection of theatrical portraits ever offered for sale in this country; the catalogue is now ready, and embraces among other names, those of Garrick, Munden, Kemble, Liston, Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neill, Farren, Ellen Tree, Macready, Mathews, etc.

HARPER'S MONTHLY, for March, contains an original poem by Bulwer, entitled "Death and Sisiphus;" a highly moral article by Dr. Carroll, (late of Mrs. GRUNDY) against "Round Dances;" a continuation of "Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men," by J. S. C. Abbott; Chapter XX., of Wilkie Collin's "Armadale;" an original poem by Herman Melville, entitled "Philip;" an essay on Dream Reading, by John Bonner; a paper on the "Last Years of Sam Houston," by George W. Paschall; etc., etc.

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY for March gives us sixteen extra pages. It contains, among other articles, "Last Days of Walter Savage Landor, Part I.," by Miss Kate Field; "My Annual: for the Boys of '49," by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "Madame Waldoborough's Carriage," by J. T. Trowbridge; "Passages from Hawthorne's Note Books," by J. Foster Kirke, author of the "History of Charles the Bold;" "De Spiridione Episcopo," a poem, by C. G. Leland; "Killed at the Ford," a poem, by H. W. Longfellow; and the continuation of "Griffith Gaunt," by Charles Reade.

The Louisville Post is guilty of the following

EPIGRAM ON E. A. POE.

BY A TRUTHTELLER.

By what some view Poe's wit inspired to be,
And say that they can prove his verses show it:
More likely, I should fancy, it was tea,
For clearly it is t'urns Poe to poet.

Mr. A. B. Russell, of Zion's HERALD, pays his compliments to the present month, thus:—

MARCH.

O fruitful nymph, inexorable shrew!
Of all the sisters, none can fret like you:
Your voice is husky, and your piercing breath
Chills as if coming from the realms of death.

The flaunting coquette oft you shrewdly play,
Sporting with Winter all the livelong day;
And then with milder accents then wilt sing,
And smile with mocking tenderness on Spring.

Full well we know thy cold and heartless wail,
Thy troubled air, thy mingled sleet and hail;
And gladly wait thy latest setting sun,
To count thy days all numbered, thirty-one.

A CONGRESSIONAL TYPE.—Senator Doolittle.

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New York, Feb. 15th, 1866.

I would respectfully inform you that I have disposed of the retail portion of my business to MESSRS. WEISMANN & LANGERFELDT, who will continue to carry it on at the well-known station, corner of Broadway and 25th street; and that I intend to devote myself entirely, from the present date, to my own publications relating to the Fine Arts.

I solicit for my successors a continuance of the favor and patronage which I have received from you, and for which I beg leave to return my sincere acknowledgments.

Very respectfully yours,
EMIL SEITZ,
625 Broadway.

New York, Feb. 15th, 1866.

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ITALIAN OPERA. SEASON OF 1866.
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BENEFIT OF MISS KELLOGG.
MONDAY EVENING, March 26th, at 8,
THE GRAND COMPOSITION ENTITLED,
THE STAR OF THE NORTH,
(L'Etoile du Nord.)
WITH NEW SCENERY, NEW DRESSES, PROPERTIES,
INCREASED CHORUS, ORCHESTRA,
MILITARY BAND, BALLET, ETC.,
and a very complete cast, including
MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG,
MULLE. ROSENCHETTA DORNIO,
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SIGNOR B. IRFRI,
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The Residence Ballet by
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Conductor.....SIGNOR TOSELLI

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.
PUBLIC REHEARSAL No. 13, at the Academy of Music, on Saturday March 24th, at 3 o'clock, P. M.—Tickets 50 cents, for sale at the principal Music Stores.
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Open at half-past seven. Begin at eight.

SATURDAY,
Douglas Jerrold's standard domestic drama,
THE LAST DAY.
To conclude with the favorite afterpiece,
THE ETON BOY.

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BENEFIT OF MRS. JOHN SEFTON,
Notice until here, John Brougham's Drama, founded on Dickens's great work,
DOMBEY & SON.
Concluding with
THE LAUGHING HYENA.
TUESDAY,
THE SERIOUS FAMILY,
and a favorite afterpiece.
The highly attractive new comedy,
SOCIETY,
will shortly be repeated.

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SIXTH WEEK
of the brilliant engagement of
MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL,
who will appear on Monday evening, March 26th,
AND EVERY NIGHT DURING THE WEEK,
in her truthful and exquisite portraiture of
AMY,
in the companion picture (in 5 Acts) by the same author, entitled
LITTLE BAREFOOT.
SUPPORTED BY THE FULL COMPANY.

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Stage Manager.....J. C. HAMLEY.

LAST NIGHTS
of
EDWIN BOOTH.
MONDAY, March 26th, TUESDAY, 27th.
MONDAY, RUY BLAS, & KATHERINE & PETRUCHIO.
TUESDAY (By Desire) HAMLET.
WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, March 28th,
GRAND FAREWELL MATINEE,
DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN, and KATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, March 28th,
BENEFIT
of
MR. H. J. JACKSON,
Treasurer,
on which occasion
MR. J. NEWTON GOTTHOLD
will make his first appearance in the city as
OTHELLO.
THURSDAY, 29th,
FAREWELL BENEFIT
and
LAST NIGHT
of
EDWIN BOOTH,
RICHELIEU.
Doors open at 7¼. Curtain rises at 7¾ precisely.

WINTER GARDEN.—EXTRA.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, March 28,
BENEFIT OF
Mr. H. J. JACKSON,
Treasurer,
on which occasion
Mr. J. NEWTON GOTTHOLD
will make his First Appearance as
OTHELLO,
which will be presented with
Elegant Appointments
and a
Splendid Cast,
Seats may now be secured.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manageress.....MRS. JOHN WOOD
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COOL AS A CUCUMBER,
and
CINDERELLA.
MONDAY,
BENEFIT OF MR. JAMES LEWIS.
WEDNESDAY,
BENEFIT OF MRS. G. H. GILBERT.
In active preparation, in a style of magnificence and with a cast of character far surpassing any previous effort at this theatre,
A ROMANTIC SPECTACULAR DRAMA.

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THIS ESTABLISHMENT DOES NOT ADVERTISE IN THE NEW YORK HERALD
THE AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE will invariably COMMENCE AT 2 O'CLOCK.
EVERY AFTERNOON AT 2; EVENING AT 7½.
THE SCRIPTURAL HISTORICAL DRAMA
MOSES, or, ISRAEL IN EGYPT.
MAGNIFICENT SCENERY, COSTUMES AND APPOINTMENTS.
MOVING PANORAMA OF THE NILE.
SCRIPTURAL TABLEAUX.
CROSSING THE RED SEA.
DESTRUCTION OF PHARAOH AND HIS HOSTS.
TRIUMPH OF ISRAEL.
VIEW OF THE PROMISED LAND.
W. B. HARRISON, Extemporaneous Singer.
GREAT LIVING CURIOSITIES.
THE WILD AUSTRALIAN CHILDREN,
captured two years ago, supposed to have belonged to a
RACE OF CANIBALS.
GIANT AND GIANTESS—THREE DWARFS.
TWO CIRCASSIAN GIRLS.—GLASS BLOWERS.
THREE-HORNED BULL.—PERSIAN SHEEP.
Albino Boy, Cosmoramas, Learned Seal, Happy Family,
Grand Aquaria, 100,000 Curiosities.
Admission, 25 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

IF.

If he would come to-day, to-day, to-day,
O, what a day to-day would be!
But now he's away, miles and miles away
From me across the sea.

O, little bird, flying, flying, flying
To your nest in the warm west,
Tell him as you pass that I am dying,
As you pass home to your nest.

I have a sister, I have a brother,
A faithful hound, a tame white dove;
But I had another, once I had another,
And I miss him, my love, my love!

In this weary world it is so cold, so cold,
While I sit here all alone;
I would not like to wait and to grow old,
But just to be dead and gone.

Make me fair when I lie dead on my bed,
Fair where I am lying:
Perhaps he may come and look upon me dead—
He for whom I am dying.

Dig my grave for two, with a stone to show it,
And on the stone write my name:
If he never comes, I shall never know it,
But sleep on all the same.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

The Argosy.

(*From Dickens' All The Year Round.*)

AT HOME WITH THE SPIRITS.

I have so good an opinion of human nature, that if a person were solemnly to tell me, in language interlarded with pious phrases, that he had once died and been brought to life again, I should be disposed to believe, rather, that he was a deluded person who deceived himself, than that he was a canting liar, attempting to deceive me. It is easy to believe that a desperate man, whose life is at stake, or who is in some other great emergency, will call God to witness that which is not true; but it is not easy to believe that a man, moving in respectable society, who is under no lawful dread of this kind, could deliberately seek his daily bread, and strive after notoriety, by professions which he knows to be false, wicked, and audaciously blasphemous. With this disposition to regard the apostles of startling and incredible doctrine rather as fools than rogues, I have always listened to the promulgation of startling and incredible doctrine with more than usual impartiality. I have always given them a fair hearing; I have never met them with scoffing or active opposition, and I have endeavored to submit myself to the influences which they profess to act under. I have taken certain means of my own to test the genuineness of those influences, but I have never wilfully resisted anything that seemed likely to carry conviction to my mind. I feel satisfied, therefore, that the conclusions at which I have arrived have not been inspired by bitterness, nor prompted by prejudice. I have given mediums and manifestations a fair hearing, from the electro-biological period of twenty years ago, down to Mr. Home's last lecture at Willis's Rooms, and I purpose, in this paper, to glance at my experiences, and record my impressions.

My earliest recollection of "manifestations" carries me back twenty years to a certain thatch-covered hut, which stood then—and stands now—on the brow of a Scotch mountain. In that hut lived a shoemaker. Like most Scotchmen of his class, he had that dangerous thing, a little learning. He had picked up a volume of Combe's works, and he took a fancy to phrenology. He had a journeyman, who read the book when his master was done with it, and he also took a fancy to phrenology. In course of time both master and man became phrenology mad. They sat together on their stools with a phrenological bust before them, and talked about bumps while they hammered the leather upon their lapstones. But while they progressed in abstract science, they lost way in the practical art of manufacturing shoes. This was the natural consequence of paying a larger share of their devotions to Mr. Combe than to St. Crispin. They devoted more attention to the formation of the head than to the anatomy of the feet, and when this bore its inevitable bitter fruit, loss of business, the shoemaker and his journeyman went so far beyond their lasts as to become lecturers and demonstrators in electro-biology. I believe this is the history of most of the professors of the mystic arts. A little—a very little—learning, a soul above business, a vaulting ambition, an inordinate vanity, some degree of belief at first, but eventually the necessity to become charlatans and quacks to sustain their original pretensions.

The shoemaker and his journeyman adopted the practice of electro-biology from what they had read in the newspapers. Living on a barren hill-side, far away from towns, they had never seen anything of the kind in practise. But they were apt scholars.

I well remember their first séance. It was given at the manse, the house of the minister. The minister himself was much interested in the experiments, and as there was no pretence of anything beyond physical and psychological manifestations—the spiritual pretence was yet to come—willingly allowed the shoemaker and his man to exhibit in his dining-room. This is what the shoemaker did. He placed his man in a chair, stared into his eyes, made passes at him, and so put him into what was called a mesmeric trance. When he was in this state, the master touched his bumps to produce manifestations in accordance with the faculty which they were supposed to cover. Thus, when he rubbed the bump of benevolence, the journeyman gave away everything he had in his pockets, and I remember that all his personal belongings consisted of three halfpence, a clasp-knife, a short pipe, a flint and steel, and a small tooth comb. When the master touched the bump of acquisitiveness, the man laid hands upon and pocketed everything within his reach. When time and tune were touched, the man danced and sang. But the great sensation was at the close of the séance, when on his bump of amativeness being manipulated, the journeyman started from his seat, and proceeded in a frantic manner to hug and kiss the servant girls, who formed part of his audience. I think it was in consequence of this manifestation being a little too life-like and real, that experiments in electro-biology were not repeated at the manse.

Many persons believed in the truth of these phenomena, partly because they thought them probable, and partly because they had faith in the honesty of the shoemaker. They were not wrong in their opinion of the shoemaker; but the whole thing was an imposture nevertheless. The shoemaker was the dupe of his man.

I am strongly disposed to believe, nay, I am sure, that this is frequently the case among the spiritualists; and that where there are two or three tricksters, there are half a dozen credulous persons, who believe in the imposture which they unwittingly help to practise upon others.

But electro-biology was too tame a trick to hold the attention of the public for any length of time, and it became necessary to excite the interest o the credulous by more daring feats, just as the acrobat in the ring finds it necessary, when the performance begins to flag, to increase the number of hops through which he jumps, or to double his somersaults and the risk of breaking his neck. Electro-biology was mundane, and just within the bound of physical probability. It now became "an object" to introduce a supra-mundane element, as they all it, and to present phenomena which would accord with a belief in the unseen world, while it wouldde-fy physical inquiry. When first introduced, spiritualism presented itself in a very mild and modest form. It assumed to be little more than a development of animal magnetism. The professors began by making tables turn; and when this became monotonous, they made them rap. The next thing was to declare that the raps were produced by spirit of the departed wishing to communicate with their friends on earth. When this in its turn was getting stale, Mr. Daniel Home introduced the spirit hand, spirit writing, and the great sensation feat of floating in the air. When inquiry came to close quarters with these manifestations, Mr. Home moved on, leaving the stage clear for the next novelty, which was the rope-tying of the Davenports. Meantime, the new doctrine had taken strong hold of many persons in this country, and, strange to say, the believers were chiefly persons moving in the upper circles of society, some of them distinguished for their intellectual attainments. Half a dozen years ago, spirit inquiry was pursued with almost devotional earnestness in West-end drawing-rooms, at the receptions of celebrated literary characters, and at private midnight meetings at clubs. I am telling a plain unvarnished truth, when I state that I have seen a circle of literary men and journalists, instructors of the people, sitting round a table for hours, waiting for rap-messages from their dead relatives. One conversed with the spirit of his father, and the spirit of his father told him to burn what he had in his pocket. What he had in his pocket was a piece which he had written (to order) for one of the theatres. Acting on the advice of his [illegible] counselled all his fellow-authors not to venture on the same subject. One of his fellow-authors, however, had a communication from a spirit, telling him that *he* might use the subject; and he *did* use it! The first mentioned author is now dead, and I am not alone in the belief that the excitement of spirit rapping séances aggravated his disease and accelerated his death. One of this circle of rappers (an instructor of the people) was troubled by an evil spirit, who distinguished himself by using obscene language. Whenever this spirit began to rap out bad words, the instructor of the people endeavored to lay him by holding up a little gold cross which he carried at his watch-guard.

Mr. Home did not depart from England until he had appointed a band of apostles to preach the gospel which he came to found and proclaim. I trust I am not uncharitable in suspecting that, in his selection of persons, he aimed at a sort of parody of the original constitution of the Christian Mission. His chosen disciples were humble folks, flower-makers, and menders of shoes. These disciples, with the aid of converts in a higher sphere, have written his Testament in the pages of two periodicals devoted to spiritualism. In these journals we are presented with a record of Home's miracles, and those of his disciples. When Mr. Home took leave of his disciples, he was lifted up to the ceiling in their presence. Is this also a parody of a certain event in sacred history? When I come to notice the lecture which Mr. Home delivered the other evening at Willis's Rooms, the reader will be able to answer the question for himself.

We come now to the Davenport Brothers. They professed to be bound and unbound by spirit hands, and they made an affidavit, upon oath, that they had been released from prison by a spirit. They followed Home as a sort of twin Apostle Paul of the new doctrine. For some time previous to the appearance of these mediums, faith in spiritualism had been growing languid, and the practice was falling into disuse. But the moment the fame of the Davenports reached this country, the "circles" were stirred to new life, and the pretensions of the new apostles were admitted before they gave any proof of their powers. They were received by the "circles" with open arms, and their wonderful performances were hailed as a most triumphant attestation of the truths of spiritualism. The triumph of the faithful, however, was of short duration. The practices of the Davenports were exposed again and again, and exposed more thoroughly than those of any of their predecessors. When Mr. Addison, who was said by the spiritualists to be a medium in spite of himself, offered Mr. Home fifty pounds if he could float in the air in his presence. Mr. Home escaped from the dilemma by declining the challenge; but the Davenports, too confident of their skill, submitted to a test and were found out. The complete exposure of this last form of spiritualism has worked a great change in the tactics of the apostles. Finding it no longer possible to cope with the band of detectors, who have made it their mission to meet and expose them on all occasions, they have dropped miracle working, and now confine themselves to preaching spiritualism as a new faith.

It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless a fact, that Mr. D. Home is now representing himself as the apostle of a divine mission found on table-turning and spirit-rapping. He declares that he received his commission, as St. Paul received his, in a voice from heaven, saying:

"Daniel, fear not, my child, God is with you; be truthful, and God shall be with you always, cure the sick," etc.

On Thursday, the fifteenth of February, I attended Willis's Rooms to hear the apostle preach; but before I could bring myself under the influence of the new gospel, I was called upon to pay ten shillings and sixpence. "Are there no five shilling seats?" I asked. The answer was "No; they are all gone; only a few half-guinea seats left." I paid my half-guinea and entered the room; and found that there were plenty of five-shilling seats vacant, but only a few half-guinea ones. On coming out I accused the man at the door of having (to use the mildest term) *deceived* me. He did not deny it; but said, in an excuse, that it was not his fault; he had been told to say there were no five-shilling seats. Was it Daniel who told him to say so, "Daniel, my child," sacredly enjoined by the voice from heaven to be truthful?

There was a full congregation, and the lecturer informed us that it comprised many persons eminent in the world of letters and believers. Hearing the lecturer quoting Scripture in support of his views, and seeing those eminent persons humbly and submissively sitting under him, bowing their heads as he bowed his, at the mention of a sacred name, I was disposed—notwithstanding the ten-and-sixpenny transaction—to regard the proceedings in a charitable spirit. Surely, I thought to myself, this man must believe what he is saying. As I enter the room, I catch the words "through Jesus Christ our Lord," and Home is reverently bowing his head. I sat down with a feeling that I was at church, fully prepared to yield myself to the force of any wholesome influence that might be brought to bear upon me.

I will relate briefly what I heard and saw, and what was the impression left upon my mind.

As Mr. Home takes credit for being a medium, with extraordinary powers of body and mind, he can scarcely object to a description of his person. He is a tall, thin man, with broad, square shoulders, suggestive of a suit of clothes hung upon an iron cross. His hair is long and yellow; his teeth are large, glittering, and sharp; his eyes are a pale [illegible] and goes in a ghostly manner as he talks. When he shows his glittering, sharp teeth, and that red rim comes round his slowly rolling eyes, he is not a pleasant sight to look upon. His hands were long, white, and bony, and you knew, without touching them, that they were icy cold. He stooped over his paper, and rarely looked up, except to turn his eyes towards heaven in an appeal to the Diety. The first part of the lecture was very dull and heavy, being all about the indestructibility of matter. Before this "head" was exhausted I counted fifteen members of the congregation who were fast asleep. After my experience at the pay place it was rather startling to hear Mr. Home disclaiming all mercenary motives, and declaring that he had never received, and never would receive, money for his work. In a private circular to his friends he says, "I need not tell you how important it is to me to have the support of my friends, not only as a comfort and encouragement to me, but as essentially aiding the cause in which they and I are deeply interested. Much, indeed, of *my own fortune* must depend on the issue of this experiment." I leave the reader to reconcile this appeal with his disavowal of mercenary motives how he or she can.

Mr. Home then proceeded to show that spiritualism was no new doctrine, but had existed for ages. Tables were used for eliciting responses from spirits fifteen centuries ago, and some of the best and greatest of men in all ages had been spiritualists. Among the number he mentioned Wesley, Baxter, Sweedenborg, Luther, and Judge Edmonds of New York. To prove the possibility of the visions which had appeared to himself, he instanced the dreams, visions, and apparitions which are recorded in the Bible. Angels appeared to Moses, Balaam, and Gideon, a spirit passed before Job, an apparition appeared to Saul, Christ was transfigured. Why should not he, Mr. H., see such things, and be lifted up to the ceiling of a room in the presence of his disciples? It was a contradiction to deny the truth of spirit-rapping, when every Sunday in church we declared our belief in the communion of saints. Such was the argument.

Then we had the statistics of modern spiritualism. There were five hundred public mediums, fifty thousand private ones, and millions of believers. In France, Spain, Holland, Belgium, and other countries on the Continent, it had made great progress. The work had been slower in England, but it had become fruit among the literary and educated classes, and many persons of the highest distinction were its avowed advocates. He next proceeded to relate his own experiences. The gift of mediumship had been in his family for four generations, and the possessor of it had generally been a delicate person and had died young. His (Mr. D.'s) cradle had been rocked by unseen hands, and at three years of age he had a vision, in which he saw his little cousin dying, though he resided many miles away. When his mother died, a rapping was heard on the table. His aunt, thinking that it was done by young Daniel, threw a chair at him, and accused him of being an imp of the devil. The good lady thought to lay the evil spirit by placing the Bible on the table and leaning upon it; but table, Bible, aunt and all, were lifted in the air. Two years ago, in looking into a crystal ball, at Dieppe, he saw an excited crowd and a man being assassinated. He exclaimed, "That is Abraham Lincoln," and several months afterwards the vision was verified. He also asserted that he had been lifted up to the ceiling of a brightly lighted room, in the presence of several spectators. All these wonderful stories he told with perfect earnestness, and it was evident that the majority of his audience implicitly believed every word he said. I could not resist a short incredulous laugh now and then, and every time I uttered it a score of scowling eyes were turned upon me, as if I had been a bad boy misbehaving myself before the clergyman in the pulpit.

When Mr. Home was in the middle of his statistics, Professor Anderson, the conjuror, rose from a back seat and said, "That is wrong." Said Mr. Home, "When I have finished my lecture, I will hear what you have to say." Accordingly, when the lecture was finished, the Professor walked up the room, ascended the platform, and began deliberately to take off his coat. Mr. Home, not liking the look of this proceeding, immediately hopped down from the platform and began distributing bills among his friends. But the conjuror had no intention of challenging Mr. Home to fisticuffs. He had merely taken off his great-coat to give fuller play to his lungs in a meditated effort of oratory. But the congregation declined to listen to him. His first word was drowned in hisses and cries of "Off, off." He tried again and again to obtain a hearing, but in vain; and shouting at the top of his voice "Swindle! humbug! blasphemy!" &c., the conjuror was obliged to resume his coat and descend. He had not one friend in the room.

Mr. Home was on the most intimate terms with his congregation. On leaving the platform he mingled among them, and I noticed that they were all anxious to shake him by the hand. I have seen the same anxiety displayed to shake hands and converse with a pet parson, or a popular actor. In my hearing, several ladies expressed a wish to speak to Mr. Home "just one word," and I heard a gentleman, leading up a sad-eyed wistful-looking lady, ask Mr. Home to "settle with her." Settle what? My impression was that the lady was anxious to consult the spirits. Mr. Home promised to settle with her another time. Women thronged round him as if they were anxious "to touch the hem of his garment." I make no doubt whatever that some of them regarded him as a medium between themselves and Heaven.

Now what is the doctrine which Mr. Home propounds, and all these people subscribe to as a new article of faith? Boldly, this—that spiritualism founded upon table-rapping, rope-tying, and banjo-playing in a cupboard, is *a means of man's salvation!* These are Mr. Home's own words. The apostles of the faith are now going about holding meetings with the evangelical purpose of bringing the working classes to a knowledge of God through Mr. Home, Mrs. Marshall, the Davenport Brothers, and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace! These are the mediators under the new dispensation. And we are asked to believe in them on the evidence of their miracles. But why not believe in Mr. Addison, who is a greater miracle worker than any of them? I have just visited this gentleman at his own house, and have witnessed signs and wonders of the most marvellous description. I handcuffed him and secured him like a spread eagle to two staples placed at the extremities of a cabinet. In one minute he released himself. I locked him in a box, which I afterwards corded and sealed. In two minutes he was out of the box, and the box still remained locked and corded. I bound him, tied him in a sack, and put him into a cupboard. In less than three minutes, on the door being opened, I found him unbound, with the sack still tied up in his hand. He turned off the gas, and on stretching out my hand, I felt him floating in the air. When he returned to the floor, he lighted the gas by touching it with his finger. He said I could do this. I tried, and the moment I touched the gas-burner the flames sprang forth.

When Mr. Addison first gave an exhibition of his miracles, he was hailed by the spiritualists as "a medium with powers more advanced than anything yet heard of in modern times." He was asked to become an apostle, and one enterprising person offered him ten pounds a night for three months to give seances. Mr. Addison, however, preferred to expose rather than aid the pretensions of the spiritualists, and in their wrath and disappointment they call him an impostor. On what side does the imposture lie?

I may mention that the means by which Mr. Addison works his miracles are exceedingly ingenious. When he shows you how the trick is done, you are as much astonished at the subtlety of the contrivance as at the effect it produces.

(*From Once a Week.*)

WAGER OF BATTLE.

On the 17th of November, 1817 Abraham Thornton was placed by the Sheriff of Warwickshire upon the floor of the criminal side of the Court of King's Bench to answer to an appeal of murder brought against him by William Ashford, brother and heir-at-law to Mary Ashford, for whose murder Thornton had been tried and acquitted at the previous Warwick Assizes.

Any one who reads the short-hand report of that trial will see that it was peculiarly a case of circumstantial evidence, with much to be said on both sides, and the jury had to strike the balance between counterpoising evidence. The presiding judge was satisfied with the verdict, although he would have been as content if it had gone the other way.

Popular opinion took the opposite view. The fate of the young woman (who was no doubt brutally murdered) was at the time made the subject of more than one sensational drama. Even now it is commonly supposed that Thornton was never tried at all, and escaped scot free, because, in the first instance, he availed himself of the fact that he was a bigger man than Ashford.

As a first step, Thornton was moved into the civil side of the Court, and given into the custody of the Marshal. He was then called upon to plead to the appeal that was read to him, and pleaded "Not guilty." He was next asked how he would be tried, and no doubt was expected to answer as usual—"By God and my country." Luckily for him he had retained a counsel really learned in the law, and under his advice electrified the Court and audience. From the depths of his counsel's bag (wherein for the sake of concealment they had been brought into Court) were produced a pair of horseman's leathern gloves. One of these did the prisoner put on his left hand, the other did he throw on the floor. He then held up his gloved hand, and said that he was "Not guilty, and ready to defend the same with his body."

The counsel for the appellant actually did not know what to do. The last occasion that wager of battle had ever been appealed to, was in 1638. Sir Henry Spelman records an earlier case, and adds that, even then, this method of procedure caused great "perturbation" to the lawyers.

In 1815 Irish ingenuity had exhumed this fossil species of trial from the cobwebbed depths of black-letter law. One Clancy murdered one Reilly, in open day, before many witnesses. The murderer made no attempt to escape or deny his crime. On the contrary he signed a full confession of his guilt before the committing magistrates. His trial came on at Mullingar summer assizes, and he pleaded, "Not guilty." The counsel for the prosecution proposed to put his confession in evidence, but it was rejected on technical grounds. In expectation that the confession would be sufficient, no witnesses had been summoned on behalf of the Crown. As the prisoner had been given in charge to the jury the trial could not be postponed, and he was therefore acquitted from want of evidence. The brother of the murdered man brought an appeal of murder, and Clancy demanded the combat. The matter was, however, compromised by his withdrawing his demand, and pleading guilty to the appeal, upon condition that he was only to be transported for life.

In such a dilemma Ashford's counsel appealed "ad misericordiam" of the Court, stating that he was surprised that the charge against the prisoner should be put in issue that way. The trial by battle was an obsolete practice, which had been long out of use, and it would be extraordinary that the person who was accused of murdering the sister should be allowed to prove his innocence by attempting to murder the brother. If the combat was allowed, next-of-kin would be unwilling to risk their own lives in furtherance of the ends of justice, which would be against public policy. If the Court would look at the person of their appellant (for he was obliged to be personally present in Court) the judges would see that he was young in years, weak of body, and in other respects by no means capable of combating in battle with the appellee. Perhaps therefore the Court would not permit the issue to be decided by personal strength and brute force.

The appeal of murder had never been favorably regarded by the Court. It was virtually an infraction of the maxim "that no man should be vexed twice for the same cause," which maxim is a leading principle of English jurisprudence. It was not brought for the benefit of the public, but the private interest of the appellant, and the proceedings were in the nature of a civil suit entirely under his control. It might be brought after trial and acquittal at the suit of the King, whilst execution under it was entirely at the discretion of the party suing it out, whose object might not be the just punishment of an evil-doer, but the extortion of something for his own personal advantage. It is true that Justice Holt did on one occasion say that "he wondered that any Englishman should brand an appeal with the name of an odious prosecution, as he for his part looked upon it as a noble institution and one of the badges of English liberty." This was, however, provoked, by a previous dictum of Chief Justice Treby, who on the same occasion said, that "it was a wrongful odious prosecution, and by no means deserved encouragement." More than once had the propriety of abolishing such a method of legal procedure been brought under the notice of Parliament, but the point had always been blended with matters of a political nature, which prevented a calm discussion of the subject.

Under the circumstances, Ashford was only likely to get such favor as the strict letter of the law allowed him. His counsel was told that the wager of battle was an usual and contitutional mode of trial, and that the combat was the right of the appellee, and that the law of the land favored his demand of it, and that the appellant had for his own purposes brought the risk, if any, upon himself.

The appellant was therefore obliged to counterplead or show to the Court reasons why the appellee should be ousted of his right. If the appellant had been a woman, an infant under the age of fourteen, a man above the age of sixty, a priest or a citizen of London, the combat would not have been allowed. If the appellee had broken his prison, thereby showing his fears of consequences, or had been taken in the fact, or if the evidence showed no reasonable presumption in his favor, his claim to the combat would not have been allowed.

The combat was refused when the evidence against the prisoner was such as not to admit of denial or proof to the contrary. When, however, there was anything in his favor which rendered it too uncertain for a jury of the country to decide, the omniscience of the Almighty was invoked by the lively faith of those who in this particular case mistrusted the wisdom of man. The very gist of this method of trial was that it left to Providence, to whom all secrets are known, to give a verdict in such a case by assigning the victory or vanquishment to the one party or the other, as might be just and known to Him alone. The notion of the special but constant interposition of the Deity, in order to detect a criminal, had been and is an article of belief in all ages and climes. The Hebrews, the Greeks, the Saxons did; the Hindus and Maoris do, use some species of ordeal. The book entitled "God's Revenge Against Murder," is but a catalogue of instances in which this interposition has been manifested. The vulgar opinion at this day, that a corpse will burst out bleeding at the approach of the murderer, is also based upon the idea that the usual laws of Nature would be interrupted to prevent the escape of so guilty a man.

Until this counterplea was decided, the glove remained in the custody of the officer of the Court, as the counterplea was a denial that the appellant was bound to take it up, and he called upon the Court to decide the question. In this case Ashford counterpleaded that the guilt of Thornton was so manifest as to deprive him of his right to the combat. This was denied by the appellee, and the Court decided in his favor. The appellant, thinking that discretion was the better part of valor, withdrew from any further prosecution of the appeal. Thornton was then remitted to the Crown side of the Court, and indicted upon the appeal at the suit of the King. He pleaded that he had been tried previously and acquitted upon the same charge. The Attorney-General confessed this to be true on the part of the Crown, whereupon the Court acquitted the prisoner.

In a short time an Act of Parliament was passed, abolishing this method of procedure. One instance still remains wherein the absurd ceremony of throwing down a glove may be still resorted to. When her present Majesty was crowned, a clergyman claimed to act as her Champion, and to challenge the world on her behalf. When her grandfather was crowned, the glove thrown down by the Champion was taken up by a partisan of the unfortunate Stuarts.

As in Thornton's case the right to the combat was not proceeded with, references must be made to older authorities for the ceremonies attendant upon a grant of the battle; and it must be remembered that such a grant was made both in civil and criminal cases, but there were divers important differences in the method of procedure.

In the 13th year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, one Love and others brought a writ of right to recover lands in Kent from one Paramour, who selected the trial by battle, and brought before the Justices of the Common Pleas as his champion one Thorne, a strong man and square (*quadratus** is the very word), for his champion. The demandant brought one Naylor, a master of defence, as his representative. Had it been a criminal matter, the parties could not have engaged substitutes,—they must have fought themselves in person.

The Court approved of the champions, and awarded the battle. Thorne then threw down a glove on behalf of the defendant, which Naylor picked up and took home with him, after that they had both been duly sworn to perform the combat at Tuthill in Westminster, upon an appointed day, in the presence of the entire Court.

In the time of Edward the Third, Sir William de Fakeham and Sir John Sythest did battle before the King himself, as chief of the Court of Chivalry, for the right to wear a certain armorial bearing claimed by both.

At the appointed day and place a list had been prepared at Tuthill upon an even and level piece of ground, sixty feet square, set out according to the points of the compass and surrounded by a double pallisade,—the one to keep the mob out, the other to keep the combatants in.

Outside the barriers on the west side was erected a seat for the Judges, looking down upon the lists, and covered with the very furniture used in Westminster Hall, and brought thence for this occasion. Behind this tribunal were pitched two tents, one for each champion. Seats were placed for the Sergeants on the platform, at the feet of the Judges.

On the other three sides of the square were erected tiers of seats for the spectators, of whom four thousand were present. Properly speaking no woman or male child under fourteen ought to have formed one of the crowd.

The champion for the plaintiff, Naylor, had been during all the early morn parading the City, preceded by drums and trumpets. The gauntlett of the challenge was borne before him on the point of the sword. One of the twenty-four royal yeomen carried the ell-long staff, tipped with horn, and the target of double leather with which he was to do battle. The champion was arrayed in a wadded coat of a martial color (whatever that might be), loose trousers made of a stuff (moserica) with a silken woof and a woollen warp, and a silk cap adorned with a red bloom and ribands. Thus adorned he proceeded to Tuthill, where a knight, Sir Jerome Brown (afterward an ambassador of good repute to the Czar of Muscovy,) was waiting to receive him in his tent. Thorne had arrived there previously, and was "waited upon," as the Fancy would say, by Sir Henry Cheney.

Had the combat arisen upon a criminal matter, the parties themselves would have been given into the custody of the marshal on the previous night, who would have had them armed and present in the lists before sunrise—as they would have had to fight without intermission from the rising to the setting of the sun, unless one of them had uttered the word "Craven," which would have ended the fight. If the appellee could maintain the fight until after sunset, he gained the day.

As in reality a civil matter was in dispute, the Judges met in Westminster Hall about 10 A. M., arrayed in their coifs, scarlet robes, and appurtenances, accompanied by the Sergeants, similarly dressed. The Judges (except one detained at home by illness) then adjourned to Tuthill.

The proceedings began by a proclamation for silence, and the spectators were warned not to cry out, nor make any sign to the combatants, nor strike a blow in their behalf. The plaintiff was then summoned before the Court, and upon his non-appearance, his champion, Naylor, was summoned. He came into the lists, an the left hand side of the Bench. His head was uncovered, his arms bare to the elbow, his legs exposed from the knees downwards, with red sandals on his feet. He was accompanied by his knight, carrying his ell-longstaff, and his yeoman, carrying the buckler. The two went round the lists to the side fronting the Judges, where Naylor knelt down and made obeisance to the Court. He then rose, advanced to the centre of the lists, and did the same. He next proceeded to the bar in front of the Judges. Having knelt again, he was ordered to rise and take his standing-place on the right-hand side of the Court. Thorne, after similar proceedings, was ordered to stand on the left hand side. Two Sergeants, being of counsel for each party, then took up their position between the combatants. After all this prelude the plaintiffs were again summoned, and as, by arrangement, they did not appear, judgment was given against them. The champions and spectators were then ordered to depart in the peace of the Queen, and the farce was played out.

There is no doubt that prize-fights, which take place in a square ring, ranging with the points of the compass, are a mimic representation of such a combat as above. To render the similitude more perfect, the "second" and the "bottle-holder" of the pugilist are the successors of the sergeant-at-law and the worthy knight.

Knights girt with swords used to make their appearance in a court of justice, as part of the proceedings on a writ of right, until the year 1836.

When the combat really took place, if it was for life and death, a hearse was in readiness to take off the party killed. If the murderer had cried "Craven," he would have been dragged off to instant execution. The blood of the murdered man would have drawn him by a long rope to the gallows.

This usage was said to be founded upon the loss which all the kindred had suffered by the murder of one of themselves, and for their *revenge and the love* which they bore to the person killed.* If the suspected murderer gained the day, his accuser was liable to imprisonment for a year and day; to a fine at the discretion of the Court; became infamous, and forfeited the privileges of a freeman.

The party or his champion would have been compelled, if the combat had proceeded, to take an oath before entering the lists, that he had not eaten or drank anything to charm himself; and that he had not caused anything to be done to the prejudice of his adversary whereby he might be charmed. Convincing proof this, that the combat was the relic of an ignorant and superstitious age.

Although the combat had not been demanded, on three memorable occasions during the eighteenth century had the appeal of murder been brought. A brief narration of the circumstances under which each appeal occurred, will throw much light on the nature of the proceedings.

William Cowper (brother of the future Lord Chancellor, and grandfather of the poet)† was a member of the Home Circuit, and used to lodge during the assizes at Hertford with a Quaker named Stout, the father of a daughter "passing fair," who conceived a violent passion for Cowper, although she knew him to be a married man, and very imprudently used to visit him at his chambers in London. Her body was found in the water one morning at Hertford, and it was proved upon the inquest that Cowper was the last person found in her company over night. The coroner's jury returned an open verdict. Her death then became a sectarian and political question. The Quakers took it up, for the honor of their religion. Those of the electors of St. Alban's (where politics always ran high) who were unfriendly to their member, John Cowper, aided the Quakers in their attempt to run down his brother. The magistrates declined to entertain the question. An extraordinary application was made to Chief Justice Holt, who upon the information laid before him, committed Cowper and three others to prison upon a charge of murder. Cowper alone had to remain in prison until the summer assizes, as the others were bailed out. Upon the trial, Baron Hatsel summed up unfavorably for the prisoners, but they were acquitted. Thereupon an appeal of murder was brought. William Cowper instigated the mother-in-law of the appellant to persuade the sheriff to entrust her with the writ. He did so, and she tore it up. For this he was fined 200 marks, but another writ was refused. The Lord Keeper Wright called in several judges to his assistance, and they unanimously refused to grant a second writ, upon the ground of informality in the first. This decision was not approved of, but as the Legislature would not abolish this method of procedure, the judges were astute enough to baffle it.

On the 20th of May, 1739, Bainbridge, Warden of the Fleet, was tried at the Old Bailey for the murder of Robert Castell. This indictment was preferred at the instance of the House of Commons, in consequence of evidence that had been produced before a committee.* The accused had illegally removed the deceased from his lodgings within the rules, to a common spunging-house kept by one Corbett, in which there happened to be a person lying sick with the small-pox. When this was told to Castell, he protested against his removal, stating that he never had had the disease, and that he was sure that he should catch it, and if he caught it, should die. All this was duly reported to the prisoner, but did not move him from his purpose. Castell was removed as he ordered, did catch the disease, and did die. At the trial, Judge Page (commonly called "the hanging judge," and the same that tried Savage) told the jury that "a gaoler was bound to keep his prisoners as well as he could, but they must not be put like hogs together." The jury acquitted the prisoner, whereupon the widow of the deceased brought an appeal of murder against the gaoler and the keeper of the spunging-house. This question was tried at the next Guilford Assizes, and the matter resulted in the acquittal of both parties.

In 1770 two brothers named Kennedy were convicted of the murder of a chairman, named Bigby. Their sister, by the infamy of her life, had raised up to herself many and powerful friends, who procured for her brothers a pardon.

Let it not be forgotten that this pardon was granted by a monarch who some years afterwards refused to grant a similar boon of mercy to Dr. Dodd, although a petition, with twenty-three thousand signatures of London merchants and citizens, was presented in his favor. It cannot be said, by way of extenuation, that the monarch did not know what he was doing, as in those days the Recorder of London used to present to the monarch, sitting in the Privy Council, a list of all criminals left for death, and detail the circumstances of their case.† Such conduct merited these words of Junius—"The mercy of a chaste and pious prince extended cheerfully to a wilful murderer, because that murderer is the brother of a common prostitute, would, I think, at any other time, have excited universal indignation."

Notwithstanding the pardon, the widow of the murdered man brought an appeal of murder. She was, however, very open to reason, and for £350 desisted from prosecuting the same. This sum of money soon procured her a fresh husband, and they conjointly for many years kept a thieves' public-house.

It seems very hard that a man who had been found innocent upon an indictment should again be obliged to hazard his life under an appeal. Sometimes however, the appeal was not a secondary, but a primary process, instituted by the relatives of the deceased, as distinguished from the prosecution of the Crown. If the appeal and the indictment came down for trial before the same judge, he was bound to hear the appeal first; and if the prisoner was acquitted thereon, he could not be put on his trial under the indictment. On the trial under the appeal he was allowed to have counsel to speak on his behalf, as well as examine the witnesses. In other cases of felony, the odds were at that time very much against the prisoner. He might indeed retain counsel, but, just as at courts martial of the present day, the counsel could not open their mouths. Lord Ferrers had himself to examine the witnesses who came forward to depose to his insanity. The counsel might write a speech for the prisoner, which he was obliged either to read himself, or hand to an officer of the court to read, who would drone it forth as if it were a butcher's bill.

After all, then, a trial under an appeal of murder was not so bad as it seems at first sight. If a prisoner could escape when he was not allowed counsel to speak or examine witnesses for him, he would not be in much danger of his life, if innocent, with those advantages allowed to him. More than that, a judicious application of "the oil of palms" would have generally nipped the proceedings in the bud.

But little can be said in favor of the combat. It might indeed occasionally happen that a guilty conscience would unnerve the murderer's arm, in the presence of an antagonist whose intrepid challenge augured success. But when the system of hiring champions had been introduced, "might become right," and the longest purse that could hire the hardest head and the strongest arm, must win.

* Compare Aristot. Ethic: *Πρωγμοσυνη εστιν μεσον*, rendered in the Art of Fisch by "a regular brish." "To go square," on the Turf, means not to break the eighth commandment.

* This is very like the Corsican vendetta, where the duty of revenging the murdered man is imposed upon his nearest relative.

† By a curious coincidence this William Cowper married Penelope Goodere, a connection of Captain Samuel Goodere, who was hung in 1741 for the murder of Sir John Goodere.

* There is a picture by Hogarth of the examination of Bainbridge by this committee. Upon the table are instruments of torture, and Bainbridge is represented kneeling, with his neck in a kind of pillory. Surely this was an allegory, not an actual representation of what took place.

† Compare Moore's description of the Prince Regent's breakfast table—

"Tea and toast,
Death warrants, and the Morning Post."

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THE PRINCE OF KUNG.
With a portrait.
ELDRIDGE'S IDEA.
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Illustrations—Quin-San; the East Gate—General Ward—General Burgevine—Quin-San; the Principal Street.
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Book the Fourth.
Chapter XV. The Wedding Day.
Illustration—The End of the Elopement.
CONCERNING "ROUND DANCES."
A DANGEROUS WOMAN.
A VOICE FROM NEW JERSEY.
THE LAST YEARS OF SAM HOUSTON.
THE ETHICS OF ADULTERATION.
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